

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 15 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, FEB. 25, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$5. Whole No. 587

Things in General.

THANK GOD the Canadian High Commissioners have come home from Washington unembarrassed by any one-sided agreement with their United States confreres. No one in this country hoped for anything except to get out of the scrape uninjured. When our Commissioners went into the thing we knew that they would have to deal with those who would insist on getting the best of it or doing nothing. The probable result struck us all as likely to be much the same as an experience a couple of collectors had who made a visit to the house of a real estate agent. The man who waited on the outside was delighted to see his friend reappear. "Did you get anything?" he whispered. "No," said the other fellow, "but I am in blamed good luck all the same; I got out without buying a house and lot." When our Commissioners went to deal with Uncle Sam they were in good luck to get away with their clothes and without having made a bargain which would impoverish or ruin them or their clients.

That the Commission found their "insuperable obstacle" in an international rather than on a trade question is gratifying to Canadians, for it makes certain that Great Britain will understand that the months of patient waiting which our Commissioners put in were not spent in hagglng over free lumber, but in attempting the settlement of questions which might bring the two nations into antagonism. We would have been indeed fortunate if such irritating questions could have been forever laid aside, but inasmuch as the United States has shown a disposition to ignore every precedent and just instinct in settling international matters, we can afford to drop the negotiations and look after our own trade business without reference to our neighbors or anyone else who thinks that they should in a "dicker" do both the buying and selling and dictate the terms of payment.

In demanding the terms which the United States insisted upon they proved that they were not diplomats, but footpads. Their terms were the terms of highwaymen, and no honest Canadian will read their demands without his face reddening with shame. We have been negotiating with these people as if they had some reminiscences of honesty left in them. The best people we could send to them were forced to listen for month after month to these iniquitous demands, these things which in their own politics, if proposed by themselves in their own affairs, would be considered so shameful that no man could remain in public life after whispering them to his constituents. Fortunately it has been made evident that this long-suffering of our Commissioners was not so much devoted to trying to get any trade advantage, as in endeavoring to obtain international justice. Let us give thanks that it was not made necessary to prolong our national existence by yielding to such unscrupulous propositions. It would be better for Canada to pass out of life even half-formed and as a young nation, than to remain on the map as the thing which the United States thought it to be.

The *Globe*, as the official organ of the Liberal party, is quite right in its moderate expression of opinion with regard to this matter. Moreover, it is to be hoped that the Opposition press will not seek to damage our representatives while attempting to make party capital out of the refusal of a proposition which no self-respecting public or private citizen could accept.

Canadians do not need to be taught the lesson of the grasping, self-assertive and protective selfishness of the United States. It is to be hoped that Great Britain has learned it. Canadians know that they can secure all the pressing trade advantages which they desired, by legislation. Our Commissioners have not been bagging for favors the equivalent of which by tariff law they can exact. Such humiliation as we may feel in connection with the negotiations we can accept as evidences offered to Great Britain that we were willing to make sacrifices for her sake. Such evidences as we need with regard to our own self-contentment and commercial plans, we can offer when the representatives of the people meet in Parliament.

It cannot be said that we are offering reprisals if we copy their statutes. It cannot be said that we are quietly submitting to indignities if we insist that their terms with us shall be our terms with them.

AS an evidence of how harm can be done to the trade of a country I have been shown a letter from the tea-growing districts of Asia saying that shipments to Canada and business with this country have been seriously injured by a report which was cable from Canada to the *London Times*, and from there was cable to Japan, saying that five per cent. duty was to be imposed on tea to make up the deficit caused by the lowering of the postal rate to two cents in the Dominion. All the readers of the *Mail and Empire*, which is credited with having originated this story, will probably remember the predictions that duty would have to be imposed on tea in order to make up the postal deficit. This was accepted as a fact by some witless correspondent of the *London Times* and cable to that paper. As everything that appears in the *Times* is supposed to be true, it was re-cabled to Yokohama and the damage was done. Would it not be well for the *Mail and Empire* to restrain its prophetic impulses? The story in itself had no truth, and the prophecy was an idiotic one at best. A Government which has a surplus is not likely to put on new taxes; and whether new taxes are to be imposed or not, it would be well to wait for the Government to announce the imposition of the tax before chronicling it. Governments in this country are not in the habit of announcing their tariff before they fix it, though it is said that a Minister who is now in private life once made quite a little spec out of prematurely using his information. Unless the *Mail and Empire* is ready to make the charge that some Minister is announcing to the world what the Government is going to do, it would be a good deal wiser for it to keep still.

In connection with another statement made by the same paper that the postal deficit for January would be \$70,000, I venture to predict that it will not be a third of that sum, even though the domestic and British postal rates have been lowered to such a great extent. The *Mail* has announced that it will be \$70,000. Is it willing to a-vert that it will be \$25,000 and back up its assertion in any tangible way? If it is not, it should drop the subject or talk facts.

PRESIDENT LOUBET, who now rules France, is facing some of the difficulties which at once confront the exponent of a republican form of government. He is being reviled and ridiculed because he wears carpet slippers at home, delights in garlic in his food, and is not always careful to expectorate into a cuspidor. No doubt a man without these peculiarities would better please the Royalists, but as a matter of fact it is unimportant to the nation which is made prosperous by just and honest and able government, whether or not the President is punctilious in small matters. France has arrived at the point where it will have to choose between the commonplace man who tries to do the really good thing, and the nobly born pretender to the empire who is apt to care nothing for the people if he can only find a seat on the imperial dais. Republican government just now is not in very good odor. The United States, which did most to spread the idea that "government of the people for the people and by the people" was possible, is proving that a nation cannot have amicable relations with foreign countries if it permits local cliques and little coteries of people who have a common financial interest, to sit astride of its presidents or diplomats. The United States is rapidly arriving at that condition of militarism and fondness for putting halos on the heads of men who are unfit to wear them,

which has always characterized France. The military spirit of France, if it once becomes triumphant, will doubtless put a harlequin emperor on the throne; and if in the United States the same mad impulse becomes dominant it will elect a President who will wreck either the people or the trusts, ensuring a revolution in either case.

Fortunately for France, the people can tell whether a man is true to a cause or not. Unfortunately for the United States, there are so many pretenders, so many candidates for high public places, so many opportunities for dangerous people to obtain extraordinary power, that from this time out there will not be a moment of safety.

Republican government is a beautiful theory, but experience has proved that when worked to its logical conclusion it is a diplomatic impossibility and is almost invariably made the machine of the corruptest elements. Unfortunately for the republican form of government, there is someone always waiting to reverse the policy of the one in charge, and it would seem that France and the United States and the petty republics of Central and South America are all in the same boat. While different elements threaten different governments, the instability and danger of them all are equally apparent.

CANADA is the only great country which is practically a republic without suffering from the dangers of the republican system. If Canadians would only unite in the face of a common foe and in partnership with an almost omnipotent mother, this country would make such extraordinary progress that the next generation would hardly remember that the country was in existence before it was officially informed by its neighbors that it possessed no rights which anybody was bound to respect. This country has rights which it is not only bound

naturally a very close constituency, yet it indicates that the people have not yet been convinced that the change from the Conservative Government to the present Administration was unwise or that the Liberals are "too rotten." The Conservatives in their candidate had a stronger personality in many respects than was possessed by the frontispiece of the Liberals. Mr. Holmes, however, the Liberal candidate, could make a speech and talk so as not to be a death-blow to those who heard him. Mr. McLean, who seems to be an exceedingly good fellow, should have been suppressed as a platform speaker early in the game, for he did not seem to know where he lived.

The most instructive feature of the campaign, however, is to be found in the unexpected juxtaposition of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., "ably supported by Hon. Dr. Montague," as was announced on the bills. West Huron was a constituency into which Dr. Montague should not have been interjected. In fact, I am not very sure of any place outside of his own house or a mining board consisting of his friends, where it is safe for Dr. Montague to do any talking lest he damage the cause which it is claimed he so "ably" represents. If Hon. N. C. Wallace had been asked up to help the Conservative party in West Huron something might have been done, but it is quite evident that Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., who organized New Brunswick, "ably assisted" in obliterating the Conservative party in that province by Hon. George E. Foster, is writing Ontario off the Conservative list. If "Uncle Charlie" Tupper goes around a little longer he won't have more than a tea-meeting crowd to greet him, even if he did have a great reception at a Smoking Concert on Wednesday night. He may desire to preserve some of the old effigies of the Conservative party in Ontario, but if he works as he appears to be working he will have this collection of mummies in his little museum, where, as the century winds up its clock, he will

an Opposition measure with himself as the measure of the Opposition. If he meant what he said and if the people appreciated the proposition as he presented it, Mr. Foster cannot with any decency present himself in Parliament as a member of an Opposition which his county has so overwhelmingly repudiated.

THE following editorial appeared in the *Evening Telegram* of the 16th inst. It is but a repetition of many editorials which have appeared, together with clippings from country newspapers endorsing the "courageous and noble stand" which the *Telegram* has taken.

THE BADGE OF SLAVERY.

The Canadian Press Association met and adjourned without taking notice of the Grand Trunk Railway's insolent attempt to bully newspapers into surrendering control of their editorial and news columns or else doing without Grand Trunk advertising. Every newspaper which prints a Grand Trunk Railway advertisement under the new form of contracts admits that such an advertisement is a bribe to prevent unfair criticism of that railway.

Toronto journals which pose as the palladium of the people's liberty are so hungry for advertising that they accept the Grand Trunk Railway contracts, red ink amendments and all, in order to secure advertisements which are the badges of their degradation.

As SATURDAY NIGHT, together with nearly every other city newspaper of any standing, is publishing the Grand Trunk Railway Company's advertisement, it cannot remain quiescent under the charge of wearing the "badge of degradation." The following item printed in Italics represents the red lines printed across the contract which so outrages the virtue of the *Telegram*: "This contract is made in consideration that the newspaper accepting same will not unfairly or unjustly criticize the Grand Trunk Railway System when dealing with matters in which that railway is concerned; otherwise the contract is subject to cancellation at any time."

When this contract was received by the advertising manager of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, the following letter was written, which is thoroughly business-like and certainly bears no badge of slavery across it. Quite properly the advertising manager stated that SATURDAY NIGHT had no disposition to "unfairly or unjustly criticize" the Grand Trunk Railway or anybody else, and for that reason the red lines of the contract had no meaning except that they might be made an excuse for withdrawing the advertisement without paying the current rate for the period during which it was inserted. Following is the letter:

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Limited.

Publishers of

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT,

Toronto, Canada, January 18, '99.

Mr. M. C. Dickson, D.P.A., G. T. Ry. System, Union Station, City.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to your Company's blank form of advertising contract handed to our advertising representative, across which is printed in red ink the sentence: "This contract is made in consideration that the newspaper accepting same will not unfairly or unjustly criticize the Grand Trunk Railway System when dealing with matters in which that railway is concerned; otherwise this contract is subject to cancellation at any time."

We desire to say that SATURDAY NIGHT has no disposition to unfairly or unjustly criticize the Grand Trunk Railway or anybody else; and consequently we will have no hesitation in accepting your order with the above condition attached if there is to be appointed a disinterested judge as to whether we are unfair or not, or with the following stipulation, and that is: Should your Company desire to cancel the order at any time, that they will pay us the rates which are in force on this paper for the time during which their advertisement has appeared. That is to say that we would not allow the yearly rate should your Company desire to cancel the order, say at the end of three months, but would require the three months' rate to prevail. Our rates for the space occupied by you last year are as follows:

Three months	\$ 36.00
Six months	60.00
Twelve months	100.00

We hope you will be able to meet us in this matter, and soliciting the favor of your esteemed order.

We are yours truly,

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Limited.

JOHN A. HARKINS, Advertising Manager.

Following is Mr. Dickson's memo., together with the contract bearing the postscript, "This contract is made in accordance with your letter to me of January 18th as per copy attached."

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE.

Toronto, January 30, 1899.

Mr. J. A. Harkins, Advertising Manager, "Saturday Night," Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I return herewith copy of contract with your paper for 1899.

Yours truly,

M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A.

Grand Trunk Railway System. (Reg. 98 980)

189 ADVERTISING CONTRACT No. 124

(Duplicate)

The undersigned proposes to insert in SATURDAY NIGHT, published at Toronto, Ont., the advertisement or reading notice of Grand Trunk Railway System, as per copy furnished, measuring 40 lines, to be changed as required, for period 1899 for the sum of one hundred dollars payable in monthly cash payments (Account to be rendered monthly), and agree that a copy of each issue will be sent to W. E. Davis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at Montreal, and another copy to M. C. Dickson, D.P.A., Toronto.

Dated January 1st, 1899.
Accepted,
This contract is made in accordance with your letter to me of January 18th, as per copy attached.

All this seems to be a good deal of private business with which the public have no interest, but it is impossible for a newspaper like SATURDAY NIGHT, which prides itself on not being the slave of any party, sect or corporation, to be grouped in a supposititious band of newspapers which permit a railroad company to dictate their editorial policy. Fortunately SATURDAY NIGHT has but one rate for all companies and individuals, and is not at all ashamed to make public any transaction in which it is engaged. Now that the facts have all been presented I think I have a right to enquire where the *Telegram* stands in this connection. It has been abusing its contemporaries for yielding to the Grand Trunk temptation, while it, the dear virtuous thing, is a model for all the rest of the newspapers of the country to imitate. I will admit that the red lines across the Grand Trunk contract do not seem to me in good taste, and by many may be construed as showing very bad judgment. Nevertheless, it is not the part of a newspaper to criticize the bluffs which are put up by advertisers. The advertiser has a right to choose the mediums which he employs, and dictate, as far as he is able to, the terms of the agreement. Where the *Telegram* is distinctly wrong is in believing that every other paper is venal but itself. No doubt all the other newspapers have used their own judgment with regard to accepting the Grand Trunk's contract, and no doubt the red lines have been crossed off a great many of the agreements, if not all of them. But if the red lines were not crossed off, why should the angel of virtue in the *Telegram* office take so much offence at it? The paragraph simply insists that the newspaper accepting it "will not unfairly or unjustly criticize the Grand Trunk Railway system." Why should anybody object to that? It is not a newspaper's business to unfairly or unjustly criticize anybody, nor should it be any part of the moral code of a gentleman or a newspaper to insist that he or it shall be at liberty to be untruthful or unfair when making remarks about either a neighbor or a big corporation.

SATURDAY NIGHT properly guarded itself by asking that if that clause was to remain on the contract an impartial judge should be appointed or else the short date prices shall be enforced if the contract is cancelled before its expiration. This is simply business, and clean business, and the *Telegram's* attempt to make capital out of its refusal of it simply proves that the



M. LOUBET,

The Newly Elected President of France.

to respect, but to develop and protect. The work can only be done by a united people. If our neighbors think we are divided and that a little republican manipulation may accomplish what neither loyalty to the Empire nor patriotism with regard to Canada could consider tolerable, then we will be subjected to sedition and interference, and we will suspect one another when we ought to be united in opposing the one whose motives and methods can no longer be considered so ambiguous as to be a matter of suspicion or toleration.

The Conservative party, if it only recognizes the fact, must act as the Liberal party has done in England when the Empire has been threatened by outsiders. It almost lost its identity, but the Empire gained in stature what the political party lost. That so long as there are foreign embroilments we must have no domestic divisions, has been the motto of those who controlled the Great Islands which were the birthplace of so many of the ancestors of Canadians. We have it here so arranged by the fate which governs the making of nations that French as well as English, Scotch and Irish and a dozen other nationalities must declare whether there be any other tie stronger than that which binds us to the compact of Confederation and loyalty to the Empire in which we have so conspicuous, influential, and such a controlling position.

I am convinced that this is a fortunate condition for the Canadian people to discover themselves as now occupying. Practically there is no organized Opposition to the Government. No sane person imagines that a strong Opposition can be created by a section of our community which tries to prove to the United States that the Government of Canada is insane. The only fear that we can have in this regard is that there are some politicians insane enough to imagine that by attacking the Commission they can cover themselves with anything but infamy.

CURATE, so the story goes, meeting a little boy on Sunday morning asked him how he was. The little fellow touched his hat and replied, "Not too rotten." After West Huron the Liberal party can very well afford to touch its hat to the passerby and declare that it is "not too rotten." When with some thirty-five or six by-elections it has carried nearly all of them, and while it is no great evidence of strength that a riding like West Huron should be retained even though it is

have the glorious and undisputed privilege of telling survivors that 'twas he created the earth and would have had the running of it if he had not gone away visiting in the Old Country for a spell.

THE remarkable prosperity which has everywhere evinced itself of late in Canada, is illustrated by the advance in values on Yonge street, Toronto. A year ago Mr. Treble leased the store at the corner of King and Yonge streets for a term of ten years at a rental then thought to be very large. Last week he transferred his lease to the Grand Trunk, and for the next nine years will enjoy an annual profit of from \$1,800 to \$2,000.

THE provincial elections in New Brunswick must have startled Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., and his lieutenant, Mr. Foster. As I remarked a couple of weeks ago, the operations of these gentlemen in organizing the Dominion by provinces so as to gain a total Conservative majority have not been fortunate. Sir Charles Tupper, Jr., organized British Columbia, and the only Conservative Government in a province of the Dominion was beaten. In Ontario Mr. Whitney has had no noticeable success in co-operating with Sir Charles Tupper to organize a Conservative majority in this province. In the North-West Territories, where Hon. Mr. Haultain holds power, he does it practically by the consent of the Liberals, though he himself professes to be a Conservative. In New Brunswick, where Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Foster did such clever organizing, the Emerson Government has been sustained and the Conservatives practically wiped out of existence. York County, which Mr. Foster represents, and which gave him a majority in the neighborhood of a thousand, has turned the Conservatives down by about seventeen hundred. Mr. Foster announced when speaking in that county, which he represents and which he probably thought he owned, that the chief question before the electors was confidence in the Dominion Government, and that the vote would show whether or not the electors believed in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his supporters. The answer has been given in such a startlingly loud tone of voice that even Mr. Foster must have heard it with surprise, and no doubt with sorrow. Mr. Foster practically made York County

virtue of its advertising columns is something which has itself to be advertised in order to have its existence recognized. If asked I will point out some advertisements in its columns which under the new police regulations of England might have to be withdrawn. One of the leading medical newspapers of Canada has called attention to this class of advertising, which SATURDAY NIGHT has consistently refused to accept. The articles advertised are either an incentive to crime or a fraud, yet this super-virtuous newspaper continues to insert them.

I dislike to invade the business of other newspapers, but they invite inspection when they put on these airs of empty tin-can virtue. If those who are anxious to throw stones at other newspapers would first become possessed of the facts and then dispose themselves of objectionable features, they might fairly make a fight. As it is, I think that we can afford to drop the subject, quite confident that the *Telegram* will also drop it after having its attention called to the glass in its own house that is likely to be broken by those who see fit to throw stones.

A MR. WATSON came through from Ottawa to Toronto in a Pullman car a couple of weeks ago, and excited no special notice on the part of the passengers or train men. Had it been known what journey he was about taking and just about to complete, everyone on the train would have been anxious to see him and perhaps might have so bothered him as to have kept him from going to bed or reaching his destination. Interest is always excited in those who are going afar, and the anxiety to see such a traveler is doubled when it is thoroughly understood that he will have no possibility of returning. Mr. Watson's traveling-bag and dressing-case indicated nothing more than the belongings of a gentleman going from one city to another, and his demeanor was so quiet and unostentatious as to permit him to pass almost unobserved. This must be a pleasant experience for a traveler, for it is obviously an annoyance to be asked about the new country to which you are going, but with which you are necessarily unfamiliar, the means you intend to use to get there, and what like you expect to find the comforts and inhabitants after arriving. The majority of circumstances surrounding this special journey lead us to believe that Mr. Watson himself was unaware of there being any mystery connected with his journeying, or the slightest doubt as to the safety, comfort and success of the projected trip. He consulted no time-tables, betrayed no anxiety as to whether the train would arrive on time, and was not continually asking how often he must change car or as to whether the inns he would have to put up at would be found endurable.

In the morning it was found that Mr. Watson was dead. Beyond all ordinary calculations he had been a through passenger. As the wheels hummed along the rails and made that strange little clicking note as they passed over each riveted joint, he thought, without doubt, as we all think, of the past with its little trials, which prove so unimportant, the future with its promises, which are always more or less unsatisfactory, and as the whistle of the engine sounded in village, wood, or fallow, perhaps the memory came to him, as it does to so many of us who were born on the farm, of the snow-clad fields and the drifted crossings past which he sped. Perhaps, as with others who have traveled by night, a little line of light shone down between the interstices of the curtains, making fanciful patterns on the blanket, while every now and then as the train rushed past a signal-light there was a flash, a rumble over the switch at a junction where roads diverge—or meet, as we happen to take it—and then again the long clicking evenness where, when sleepless, we can count the rails and, adding them together, reckon the miles. Thousands of us can recollect going to sleep in a Pullman car under these circumstances, but not one of us has had his experience, for he failed to awake.

I have often listened to the heavy train groaning over a trestle or a bridge when mountains, forests, rivers and rocks seemed to creak at the thought of such a reckless invasion of nature's fastnesses. I have lain awake to hear men bustling about digging mud and snow from the track, have heard the rain and sleet beat on the coach, the passengers whispering their enquiries as to what was wrong, and have thought what a little thing separates us all from a solution of the great mystery beyond. However, to the through passenger of whom I speak there came nothing but the slight indications that the train was moving, and perhaps the thought that on the morrow the world would be just the same, affording no more happiness, perchance providing no more misery—then sleep. In the newspapers and amongst friends the sudden exit of such a robust man as Mr. Watson was, is spoken of as a sad cutting off in the prime of life of one who had all the world before him. We think this is kind of us to pretend, and we lower our speech and subdue our breathing to indicate that it is depressing to us to think what the world has lost and what the dead man has failed to remain to enjoy. As a matter of fact we think no such thing. Nearly every busy, tired man mentally whispers to himself, "May it be as easy for me." After the day's hard fight we rejoice to reach the car and journey homeward and to lie down in peace, our tickets, as far as this world is concerned, in the hands of the porter; our arrival, as our exit, unheralded as we slip from city to city, and are content if the journey be unbroken and we are unfretted by the clamor of those who would direct us, and free from the discordant din of those moral, commercial and too real backmen who shout at us, not that we may go right, but that we may go their way.

ONE point with regard to the British High Commission has not yet been discussed. Canada's own Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Louis Davies, Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Charlton to Washington. Is it not to be presumed that these gentlemen would pick up some points about politics and tariffs while arguing with the best men that the United States could put up against them? Canadians should have reason to believe that their representatives will come back with a better knowledge of how to deal with our neighbors than has been possessed by any of our statesmen heretofore. They have had time to learn the nature of the animal and make mental notes of all the tricks he performs. Surely our legislation hereafter should show that the Canadian Commissioners in Washington while they did not get any treaty, got such a firm and unforgettable lesson in United States tariff-making and treaty-making that in future we may proceed quite comfortably in the belief that our people are well posted and able to play the game as it is played by those who invented it.

THE regrettable death of Mr. R. W. Jameson, Member of Parliament for Winnipeg, gives us another glimpse at the strange vicissitudes of life. Whether Mr. Jameson died because he had planned his death or whether he died by accident will always remain a mystery, but the mystery will be densest to those who knew Mr. Jameson best and would reckon him the last man to force his own death. Public life has lost a good man and private life is poorer and a family sadder by his removal. Politically the gap in Winnipeg will be the occasion of another fight, for the Conservative party will fight until its last gasp in the constituency, and this vacancy will probably offer them occasion for giving that delicate tribute to a fate which they are unable to overcome.

The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

What Does Canada Need Most?

A disinterested people—
John A. Ewan.
What Canada wants most is a greater common fund of disinterested citizenship. We hear a great deal about patriotism, but it is chiefly of a spectacular kind. You will find men very ready to denounce the "damn Yankees," whose patriotism is entirely of that kind. The patriotism that consists of hatred of another country rather than love of your own is a decidedly second-class article. The type of patriot that Canada wants is he who is prepared every once in a while to do a day's work for the State without any ulterior designs on the custom-house, postoffice or inland revenue. He would not think that because he had given a candidate his vote, and perhaps acted

for a few hours as scrutineer, the said candidate was forever under an enormous obligation to him and bound to exercise vigilance day and night to secure him a Government job. What Canada wants is a population that is not looking for Government jobs, and this applies to the candidate as well as to the voter. What Canada wants is to elect as representatives men who would not be under a feeling of favor to anything or any person except to their own conscience. We want representatives whose souls do not blanch at the thought of offending the party boss, and electors who will uphold the hand of such a representative. We want more individuality; more thinking for ourselves. If our representatives were of the right stuff, the electors would be under obligations to them, not they to the electors. As it is now, if a man is seen active on election day the question is, what is he after? The idea that he was merely doing his plain duty as a citizen would never occur to anybody. "I've worked for the party for ten years," you will hear a man say, "and never got the price of a biscuit for it." Why should you get the price of a biscuit for it? If you feel that it is a good thing that your neighbor, who is bigger and stronger than you, is not allowed to come into your house and after knocking you down help himself to your coals and potatoes, then you ought to be prepared occasionally to do a day's work to maintain the social contract that prevents such high-handed proceedings in as great a state of perfection as possible. If that portion of the community would take its proper part in affairs the heeled would be crowded out or reformed. The Canadian Club should give its attention to this. It is, I understand, composed of young men of both parties. On election day these young fellows should turn out, and their employers should give them the opportunity of doing so, and man the polling-booths as scrutineers, etc., without any feeling that anybody was under an obligation to them for the work done. They had merely performed a small part of the sacred duties of citizenship. When Canada has reached this stage everything else will come to her.

The extinct non-seeker.
Political naturalists declare that in Canada the man who does not want public office is, like the dodo, an extinct species. In early days the country possessed some fine specimens of the race, but they inhabited the remotest parts and withered away before the advancing tide of civilization. When railways brought to the

pioneer settler an easy access to the politician, the surviving remnant of non-seekers for office soon perished miserably. I believe Canada's greatest need is to revive this race of men. It would provide us with a number of persons who could devote their whole energy and talent to their own trade, business or profession. As matters stand, public offices are continually falling vacant either by death or the visitation of God. The entire community at once suspends operations until the place is filled. Even during the period of most severe depression no public office has ever been known to go a-begging, and as for seeking out the man, the average office is as coy as a maid, because the man requires no search, having planted himself firmly on the front door-step. Even a few non-seekers for office would be of value. One could be assigned to hold an independent opinion; another might try to work up a little public conscience; a third might, under police protection, tell the exact truth about things. If a fourth could be discovered he should be exhibited (as a great novelty) running away from an office. It is an age of marvels. Why not a fabled monster like this to divert, instruct, amuse and astonish us?

Don.
What does Canada need most? A perfect union of its people; an unalterable faith in itself; confidence in the Empire; absolute, unswerving and constitutional distrust of the United States.

A regular sweep-out—Hugh Clark.
What Canada needs most is to be rid of the things she needs least. I do not think that she has any other "long felt want." Within her borders she has everything that her people need to make them prosperous, comfortable and happy. Infinite variety of climate—the cynic calls it weather—and of wholesome food (and drinks) makes for his physical welfare, while good and cheap colleges and schools and papers go to build up the mental man. Unfortunately, the things Canada needs least are quite as various. Who says we cannot struggle along without petty political issues of the Ram Dan and Coughing Calf series? Do we need our foreign reputation for having cold storage facilities all the year around? Is there any pressing public demand for governmental subservience to corporate interests and neglect of the general weal? Is there any occasion for our shrinking fear of doing our duty by ourselves lest we offend our susceptible and supersensitive neighbors? No, sir; there is not. The fact is that this country has too much *Tarte et catarrh*; too much grand larceny and government; too much sectarianism and tuberculosis; too many Canadian thistles and officials; too many men in our parliaments and too few in our penitentiaries; too many farmers with mortgages and top-bugies. You other newspaper writers may go on talking of Canada's positive needs, but I repeat that what Canada needs most is to be rid eternally of what she needs least, and particularly of what she does not need at all; and I warn you now that I shall go on insisting upon this until Canada sees that what she needs most is to give me some job that will keep me quiet.

More public offices—Charlesworth.
It seems presumption to debate a question settled finally by the Minister of Education in the verses he translated from the American of Dr. J. G. Holland. He thinks we need politicians wholly different from the present type. The question is, how are we going to get them? I say, create more elective offices. At present there are only the Federal Parliament, the provincial legislatures, the county councils, the township councils, the city councils, the village councils, the school boards, Public, Separate and High, and a few other fields for political ambition. This provides at most for no more than 20 per cent. of the population. Now the men Canada needs appear to be among the other 80 per cent. I am in favor of getting them into politics by creating public offices for all. Then men could not be charged with selfish motives in seeking office and the manhood suffrage voter especially would benefit. It was rather mistaken kindness on the part of Sir Oliver Mowat to confer on the poor man of this country a privilege that at most is not worth more than \$5 in the open market. An occasional election simply whets his appetite and leaves him the hungrier after it is gone. To be sure the political parties do the best they can for him by unseating successful candidates with great regularity, but a salaried office for everyone would be a greater boon.

State ownership—Adolphe Smith.
The needs of Canada are many. A class of boarding-house keepers possessing more child-like confidence, personally speaking, is one of the great needs of our country, and a more general extension of the credit system among dispensers of liquid refreshments is a need that every hour cries aloud throughout the land. The one overwhelming need of Canada, however, is a government that will retain for the benefit of the people the marvelous natural resources and opportunities that are still in the hands of the state and belong to the state. In the past the men in power have been guilty of conduct that in the near future will be looked upon as criminal breaches of trust. Much of our magnificent resources has been given into the absolute possession of favored individuals, that is to say, an assumed right has been conveyed, for how can a people or a government convey a right that they do not possess? The lands, the resources and opportunities of nature do not belong to us, they belong equally to the unreckonable generations yet to come. We have the right of use and the value of that use belongs to us as a people. Here is our greatest need. We have a country overflowing with latent wealth. That wealth administered for the benefit of the state would not merely liberate industry and improvements from taxation, but would provide us with art galleries, larger beer gardens, libraries, skittle alleys, lecture halls, concert pavilions, and all the means for making life one long glad song of intellectual advancement and delight. We need a government that will retain the common wealth for

the commonwealth, and make our new but great and glorious country an oasis of peace and plenties in a seething world-spread maelstrom of revolution, the brightest social gem in the brilliant galaxy of nations. You bet.

Not you, sir—Franklin Gadsby.
A strange coincidence! As soon as the Newspaper Club begins to discuss what Canada needs most, Mr. Edward Blake announces his intention of abandoning active Irish Nationalism and returning to Canada for good. It is reassuring to know also that he comes back for good. There are those among the Liberal party, staunch fellows who have followed it from free trade to high protection, who suspect that Mr. Blake comes back for evil—political evil, I mean—such as might take shape in a third party or even in a coalition with Sir Richard Cartwright against the *Tarte hegemony*. If Mr. Blake is what Canada needs most we hope he will be good. His massive oratory adorns any council in which he participates; but we remember him chiefly, not for these fluent graces, but for a piece of petulant criticism which threw his party into confusion and benefited nobody. Besides, Mr. Blake must remember that Sir Charles Tupper and George Eulas Foster and a few others are likewise assured that they are what Canada needs most.

A slayer of dragons—Mark.
What we need most is not population, for that is assured in time, nor is it any one of those material developments of which men talk, for we are making great material progress, but if some dread magician should offer to gratify any one demand that I might make in the name of Canada, I should implore him to send us a St. George to slay the dragons of Moral Cowardice and Cant which intimidate our adults and swallow our children. We have been reduced to such a condition that I do not suppose that Edison could invent anything that would so please our people as a temperance drink that would intoxicate—a drink devoid of alcohol (therefore blameless), but capable of drowning care and of making the saint as happy as the sinner. We have editors advocating measures that they privately repudiate; audiences applauding sentiments that are hollow, and parliamentarians debasing their intelligence to win vulgar applause. With Moral Cowardice and Cant in every walk of life what can we hope to achieve? For the individual what do the future years contain but a sniffling old age spent in souring life for younger people; and for the nation what but a mental and moral warping and stunting pitiful to think of in this age of the world.

Social and Personal.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Coulter of 418 Huron street gave a very bright and pretty tea for her guests, the Misses Eeles of Buffalo, who are spending some time in Toronto on a visit to Miss Florence Coulter. Mrs. Coulter, in a quiet black silk gown trimmed with jet and lace; Miss Coulter, in a white frock with pink ribbons, and the two clever-looking visitors, also in white, received in the drawing-room. Mr. Coulter, a cordial and handsome host, supplemented their welcome, and sweet Mrs. Graham of the Junction was in her girlhood home again, busy looking after her mother's guests. Several pretty young girls assisted in the tea-room, where a table, very smartly done in crimson, was daintily set with good things. Everywhere crimson candles glowed, the mantel, banked with green, was dotted with them, and deep red blossoms were also effectively used in decorating the rooms.

Mrs. Chris Baines is recovering from a severe attack of gripe. News from Mrs. Walter S. Lee, who is south with her invalid, Mrs. J. Forbes Michie, cheers the family with word of Mrs. Michie's progress, which has been recently most satisfactory. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher of Winnipeg are in town. Mr. Gerald Hayward is in the city for a short visit, and is doing some miniatures for prominent patrons. One of the interesting events of the week, Miss Temple Dixon's recital, took place last evening (Friday) in St. George's Hall.

More than usual success attended the annual conversation of the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby on Friday evening of last week. The special train from Toronto landing guests at the college gates carried several hundred city people, including many university students. The attendance of friends from Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville and Port Perry was large and fashionable. A programme of musical numbers was pleasingly rendered by Misses Ross, McAmmond, Acheson, Bishop, Dixon, Rice, Smith and Hamlen, students of the college, and by Messrs. Carnahan and Verral. Two Toronto orchestras provided music for promenading. Delicious refreshments were served in the science room. The splendid old Trafalgar Castle, as the College was named by its founder, never looked so lovely as it did at this affair, with open fires on many hearths, tasteful decorations, and so many dainty maids in pretty frocks to charm their guests.

The motor-carriages, hansoms and broughams which have been swarming around the streets have aroused great interest. Major Pellatt, the electric king, has had lots of fun with his. Major and Mrs. Pellatt, and Master Reginald, their only child have left for the Mediterranean and will be gone several months. In the meantime the fine mansion in Sherbourn street adds wonder to wonder in the way of electric dodges for convenience and comfort. In fact, Major Pellatt's experiments and ingenuity have full swing in the lighting, heating and arrangements of the residence which he will occupy before the end of the year. The illuminated keyhole is the "latest;" you press a button and the glass around the keyhole streams forth a comforting radiance. "But you have to find the button!" says a carper. By no means; the button is always luminous, and shines modestly like "twinkle twinkle little star" all night long.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hyslop have been enjoying a lovely holiday in New Orleans.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith are leaving for their usual visit to Lakewood, where they will spend the trying weeks of the winter's last month. Miss Ethel Baldwin is visiting friends in Montreal. Mrs. John Murray Clark (nee Anderson) held her post-nuptial receptions at 24 Elgin avenue on Thursday and yesterday afternoons.

Lady Minto's skating has always been admired. At latest accounts she was taking up the popular swing-about which passes for waltzing here. Her ladyship's mode of waltzing is quite different, I am informed, being that in vogue some time ago, and consisting of a continuous cutting of the figure three, a graceful and particularly fetching figure as a *pas seul*. The Toronto waltz is of course only possible with a partner, and has always struck me as particularly crude. A cordial offer to "teach you, if you will teach me," has ruled at Ottawa between the two styles of waltzers and everyone is happy.

Mr. Tripp and his singers must feel gratified with public appreciation and welcome on their re-appearance after a couple of seasons' retirement. The Male Chorus Club always gives a good concert, and has great fortune in securing stars. Emil Sauer, whose fame has preceded him, is the wizard of the keys who will delight everyone with his playing, and Evan Williams will be the solo vocalist of the evening. Thousands of seats are already marked off, thousands of people are looking forward to Thursday evening, and not only Toronto, but all the cities and towns within possible limits are sending music-lovers to swell the throng. Massey Hall will be a sight next Thursday.

The rectory of St. James' is still vacant. By the way two leading down town churches, St. Andrew's and St. James', are having times getting settled down again. The right man seems to be slow in materializing. There is a chance for St. James' of having a most successful preacher, Mr. De Soyter of John, N. B., if the committee can agree upon a choice. Mr. De Soyter is a distinguished scholar, a splendid preacher and a most original character. His presence is commanding and his reputation immaculate. He has held various high positions in England, and his success in St. John has been most unmistakable.

Mr. W. P. Fraser, secretary O. J. C., and Dr. A. A. Macdonald are prize winners at the dog show, Madison square, New York.

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Having in view the marked change in designs in this season's wall papers, we are now in possession of the most complete range of patterns we have ever shown. The colorings are rich and varied. Old silks, chintzes, leathers, &c., are represented in the collection.

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We know that the longer wear, better finish, and wholesome purity they give will make you choose them always.

Every piece bearing these labels is guaranteed—and yet they cost no more than others.

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No order is too large and none too small to receive faithful attention.

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TORONTO

Social and Personal.

ON Saturday afternoon several teas brightened the first half-holiday of the Lenten season, and so society was evenly distributed between the colleges and the private drawing-rooms. The Varsity lecture by Dr. W. H. Drummond on some French-Canadian types attracted an immense audience, who were much interested in his description of the Habitant and in copious selections from Dr. Drummond's books about him. The lecturer, a big, fine-looking, intelligent man, with a noble forehead and a head which a phrenologist would say nice things about, was afterwards lionized to any extent by a throng of admirers at St. Margaret's College, whom Mrs. George Dickson had graciously invited to meet him. "Look for the man with the red necktie," was the word whispered by a laughing woman to entering friends, and the man and the red necktie were soon found, for Dr. Drummond stands like the first king of Israel, a bit taller than his fellows. He had a pleasant word with an Irish ring to it, and a mighty hand-shake for everyone who was presented, and was always surrounded by admiring friends. Tea was bountifully served, and plenty of nice things were said about sweet young Miss Temple Dixon, who recited several of Dr. Drummond's habitant poems.

Speaking at the Canada Club dinner in London recently Hon. Edward Blake said: "I hope to be back there (in Canada) for good before long."

Mrs. G. Allen Case and Miss Essie Case left on Monday for a fortnight's visit to New York.

Mrs. John Burns (nee Nixon) will receive at her home, 20 St. Vincent street, on Thursday and Friday, March 2 and 3, and afterwards on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers and Mrs. Arthur Croft left on Thursday for Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

An interesting sight in Washington last Friday and Saturday evenings (17th and 18th) was to observe the most famous Canadian statesman watching the most famous Canadian actress—which, being translated into United States with a Dominion accent, means that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was at the New National Theater watching with patriotic pride the brilliant success of his gifted countrywoman, Miss Julia Arthur. Several of the foreign embassies and legations, wearing the insignia of their orders, were present in the boxes and Sir Wilfrid beamed. He was the most distinguished looking gentleman in the theater.

Miss Bessie Hees returned from New York last Saturday, and is welcomed back by her many friends with much pleasure.

Mrs. James Burnham is getting better after her serious illness.

The Princess has seen many strange faces this week, as from many neighboring cities and towns parties have come to see the presentation of Cyrano de Bergerac. It is unlikely that the great company will ever perform here, and therefore everyone is taking in the local affair, which is most creditable.

Mr. Percy Robertson, son of Mr. James Robertson, who has spent a happy vacation with his people in Toronto, returned to Mexico last Saturday, sailing on the Macedonian on Wednesday. Mr. Robertson has found the climate of Mexico his best physician, as his fine healthy appearance abundantly testifies.

The Browning Club will give a remarkably attractive entertainment about the middle of April, which will present The Pied Piper, a most picturesque work, and some Browning readings by Miss Sargent, a prominent member of the Syracuse Browning Club. Music will also be a feature. Last year the Browning Club gave their entertainment in the lecture-hall of the Unitarian church, but crowds had to be turned away, so this year the Club will take Association Hall instead. Dr. Ham is superintending the rehearsals of the cantata, The Pied Piper.

The progressive given last week by Miss Smallpiece of 21 Close avenue was an enjoyable event, and the young friends of the hostess spent a delightful evening. Several friends from across the border were complimented by a commingling of the Stars and Stripes in the decorations of the pretty home for the occasion. Miss Smallpiece wore a gown of pale green with cerise ribbons, and most gracefully received her guests in the presence of her parents, who added their hearty welcome to hers and made everyone feel at home. After the game, supper and a jolly dance concluded the evening.

Mr. George Carruthers has had the usual luck of the hockey enthusiast, being temporarily laid up with a sprained hand.

Miss Amy Seton Thompson, who has been a bright visitor in Toronto for some weeks, the guest of the Misses Wilkes, left on Thursday for her home in Niagara Falls.

On Tuesday an exceedingly pleasant little luncheon was given by Mrs. Sutton to a party of half a dozen ladies, among whom were Mrs. Hugh Sutherland, always the most entertaining and piquante of women, and Mrs. Julia Weyman, who captivated the music-lovers with her charming singing. Mrs. Weyman is such an acquisition to musical circles in Toronto that she is eagerly sought for and appreciated even more than for her lovely social qualities. She sings all sorts of delightful things, a selection at one impromptu including The Rosary, (Nevin's exquisite song, written especially for her), Oh That We Too Were Maying, a merry raptorial from a new opera, and a couple of Chaminade's artistic things.

Captain and Mrs. Gilpin Brown are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a small son. Mrs. Gilpin Brown has been down from Regina for some time; the Captain arrived recently on leave, and will shortly return to his command in the N. W. M. P.

Dr. Drummond has had a pleasant visit in Toronto, and his bright good nature and commanding personality have been the means of gaining him social success, as his clever writings had already captured the intellectual fortresses of our best people. One evening this week Mr. George Morang gave a dinner in honor of Dr. Drummond at his lovely home, Two Elm, in Beverley street.

Mrs. Carr has removed to 37 Bloor street east and will receive the second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius A. Lang have taken rooms at 37 Bloor street east, where Mrs. Lang will receive on first, second and third Tuesdays of each month.

Miss Margaret Anglin has severed her connection with the Cyrano de Bergerac Company, and the ideal Roxane is to play another part. Speaking of her impersonation the Boston Critic paid her the following tribute just before she left the company: "Miss Margaret Anglin was captivating as Roxane. This young actress, a Canadian, has not before been seen here in a role of prominence, but her success was complete last evening. She is not a strikingly handsome woman, but she is extremely attractive, possessing to an uncommon degree the feminine charms of grace and winsomeness. Her impersonation was intelligent, sympathetic, lovable and altogether gratifying. Her voice is very agreeable in quality, and too much praise can scarcely be given her for the admirable manner in which she read the lines of her role." 'Tis an open secret that Mr. Mansfield is an *enfant terrible* to get along with, and the general impression seems to be that his methods proved at last to be wearing on the leading lady who has so ably done her part to bring success to the production of Cyrano de Bergerac.

Mrs. Goulding is recovering from the effect of her burns. Miss Gibson of Maitland street is visiting in Rochester, N. Y.

Personal Notes from the Capital

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO and her eldest daughter, Lady Eileen Elliot, went down to Montreal on Thursday of last week for a day's shopping in the metropolis. Lady Sybil Beaulieu, Major Drummond and Mr. Lascelles returned on Saturday from a short trip to Quebec and Montreal. At the former they were guests at the Chateau, and in Montreal they stayed over for that brilliant social success, the ball given by Mrs. R. B. Angus.

Mrs. G. E. Foster, Mrs. Abearn and Miss Kenny, who were the Ottawa delegates at the meeting of the Ontario Historical Society in Toronto last week, returned on Saturday. Believing in the truth of the proverb that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," the work of the delegates was pleasantly varied by a number of *recherche* luncheons and very jolly teas.

Miss Constance Fletcher, one of the prettiest of this season's debutantes, left on Tuesday for Toronto, where she will visit friends.

Major Wickstead and his devoted companion, Miss Honor Clayton, sailed on Friday for the Bermudas, where they intend to enjoy the balmy air until May.

Miss Fielding, the eldest daughter of the Minister of Finance, is expected in town this week from England, she having touched terra firma at Halifax on Saturday last.

The Prime Minister and Sir Richard Cartwright are expected in town on Thursday from Washington, where the sitting of the Conference has come to an indefinite termination.

Miss Blaikie of Toronto is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Coates.

Miss Foster of London, England, has arrived in town on a visit of some months to her uncle, Colonel Foster, Quartermaster General.

Mr. H. S. Pullar of Perth, Scotland, who has been in town on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Edward Grant, left on Monday for Toronto, where he will spend a couple of days before leaving for home.

Miss Greenough of Boston, who has been the guest of Mrs. Dobell, left for home on Tuesday to the regret of a host of friends she made during her visit.

Ottawa, Feb. 21, '99.

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THE WOMEN'S PAGE

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BY W. E. RANEY.

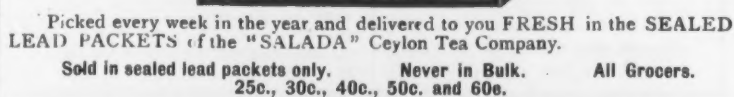
II.
At this point we come upon the old Caribboe road, built when Lillooet was the gateway of the Caribboe Country. To the right it climbs Pavillion Mountain, up, up, and all up until after a steady ascent of miles winding this way and that, you are nearly a mile above the sea, which is only a little more than one hundred miles distant. Then you drop with appalling suddenness into Clinton, where the present Caribboe road joins the old one. Thus the old Caribboe road from Lillooet to Clinton and the new road from Ashcroft to Clinton form

As we cross the Fraser just below the float we discover a Siwash on a rocky scaffold projecting from a point of rock jutting into the river, fishing for salmon. He draws one in just as we cross the bridge. Next morning when we re-cross the bridge on the way to the gold camp he is there again, and again just as we are upon the bridge there is a commotion, and after a protracted struggle he hauls in a magnificent specimen of the king of fishes.

arguing from the presence of gold in the gravel and streams, prospectors for many years searched the neighborhood of Lillooet for the gold-bearing quartz from which the free gold must have come, but it was only a little more than two years ago that anything of importance was discovered. In April, 1896, Arthur Noel, a young French Canadian was hunting and prospecting in company with a half-breed in the mountains behind Lillooet, they were high up a mountain when they shot a mountain goat on a bluff still higher up. The animal fell down, and lodged on a ledge midway up the cliff. With much difficulty Noel reached the spot, but no sooner had he done so than all thoughts of the goat were in a moment dispelled, for the ledge upon which the goat lay showed outcroppings of free gold. With the aid of ropes and ladders-for the place is almost up and down-the claim was staked, and then Noel and his companion took time to skin the goat.

At the top we found that the men had just turned into the bunk house for a half-hour's rest after dinner. They were as fine, stowaway, intelligent-looking lot of fellows as you could wish to see. In another hour or a little-
er on we came upon Mr. Martin, a foreman, having dinner. He invited us to join him, and one of the Chinese cooks, having removed the food on a can of peas, turned its contents, all innocent of fire, into a dish on the table and announced, "All ready." We sat in. Other canned foods were served in the same way, and we were, therefore, not surprised to learn that the men were continually complaining of the "grub," for which they were each paying the Chinaman \$2 per month. In quality the food was all right, but expert Chinese cooks do not apparently care for lit-
the clouds. The miners are paid 50 per day. They work shift about

From the gardens of the finest tea-producing country in the world.



Another story relates that Tyson had just secured a new stretch of Queensland country, and was living on his new run pending the arrival of his manager. After a few months of almost absolute solitude, he had occasion to visit Brisbane. At this time there was much talk of immigration, and a Minister of the Crown asked him squatter what he thought of the idea. "Assisted Immigration," said Tyson, "but why should you bring these people here?" "To populate the country," replied the Minister. "Populate the country!" exclaimed Tyson, "populate the country! Why, sir, do you know that during the last three weeks of my stay on the run out there was called on by no less than two orange men? The country's crowded-crowded!" Tyson would have felt himself in a crush on the Old Man land with two strangers in sight.

He (as the heroine of the play is weeping so heart-rendingly that the audience is inclined to follow suit)—that woman is a genius. Can't she weep, though! She—That is how she wears such stunning dresses, too.—Frieda Blaetter.

Graham—By the way, when you were abroad, didn't you find it difficult talking French? Ryan—Not particularly. The greatest difficulty was getting people to understand it.

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We are offering clearing lines in Combinations, Vests, Shirts, etc., odd sizes, etc., at half prices.
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Health Exhibition, LONDON.

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BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.



Balmoral Castle, Scotland,
25th September, 1896.
"Sir,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 tins of Benger's Food for M.M. The Empress of Russia, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhof."

"Yours truly,
"F. COSTER"

(Published by Special Permission of the Russian Court.)
Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Wholesale of Leading Importers or of
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Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

His Missus and His Mate.

By EDWARD DYSON.

YATES should not have married her. He remained a hatter till sixty, and should have been content with the comforts of his log hut, where his rule was only disputed in very minor matters by Fifth Clause, the cat; Scraper, the veteran cattle-log; and a profane and dissipated-looking cockatoo of great antiquity. More particularly, Mr. William Yates should not have married the woman he did, but that appears to be the error of most men. Recently Billy had made a rise out of the rich quartz leaders on Whiptick Hill. Previous to that he had saved money, too, as shearer, splitter, digger, shepherd, and in many various bush callings, and at sixty, after a peaceful, stationary existence of three years' duration, he conceived a ridiculous ambition, and went away and married a woman of thirty.

William Yates had a sudden and absurd longing for position; he determined to become a publican. When the bush nomad waxes ambitious, he dreams of a wayside pub, and a wagonette. Billy dreamed of building a weatherboard hotel on the cross-roads, and by keeping only the best liquors and offering good accommodation for man and beast to merit patronage and win influence.

William Yates had also allowed himself to be unduly impressed by a dream of idealistic domesticity resulting from a late indulgence in cheap fiction, and he craved for the comforts and picturesque joys of sober matrimony. He wanted his cheery fireside, his slippers, his pipe, his steaming glass, and the gentle, genial wife sitting opposite in the ruddy glow of the back-log, knitting whilst the rain dashed against the windows. Seeing no just impediment, Billy set resolutely to work, and built the hotel; then he contracted matrimony in the same spirit.

Billy's mates and friends knew nothing of Mrs. Yates before they were introduced to her at the Magpie as Mrs. Billy. She was a fine woman—strong and tall, with firm, square shoulders and large limbs. Her hair was thick and plentiful, and male public opinion attested the genuineness of its bronze tints. She had only one smile, and dazzled the customers with the glitter of white teeth.

The neighbors did not take the marriage altogether in good part. It was argued by all the women of Whiptick who lived near enough to have any interest in Yates' affairs, that the spinster of 20 who was to be picked up and married off-hand by a digger of 60 was not likely to be a person whose history would bear minute investigation.

Eventually Mrs. Yates was heard in defence. Billy had known her since she was a child. He was her father's mate for fifteen years, and promised, when that parent was mortally injured in a blast at Clunes, that he would keep an eye on the orphan. Billy's subsequent goodness had won all her gratitude, and when she promised to be his wife that emotion was uppermost.

Still, it was commonly held that Yates' money and his pub were more powerful factors than mere gratitude, and the belief that Elizabeth's past was not necessarily for publication held good. However, as Mrs. Yates, the young woman's conduct was apparently above reproach. She displayed undoubted business ability, and would put a collar on a "long beer" and flit a towel round a glass with the neatness and finish of a practised expert.

"Elizabeth"—as Yates always called his decidedly better half—soon worked up a large turnover at the Magpie, and she managed the hotel with discretion and tact. One night Ned Taunton, a local Lothario, and a fine figure of a man, after repeatedly drinking good luck to himself and his mate in the new reef they had just cut, attempted to kiss Mrs. Yates, and met with his reward.

"Why did you marry that doddering old geyser, my dear?" he said playfully, drawing the young woman towards him across the bar counter.

There was a brief struggle, a flash of glass, and Mr. Taunton retired from the contest minus two front teeth.

Although this contempt of court might have been considered bad business policy in other places, it was almost generally admired at Whiptick: it was positive, and improved Mrs. Yates' reputation.

Two years passed, and Yates had not yet realized his domestic ideal. Mrs. Yates detested knitting, and if Billy sat by the fire and smoked whilst the night wind rattled the shingles he sat alone. Mrs. Billy preferred the society of the bar.

In short, Yates was unhappy in his matrimonial venture, and in his log house regretted the small cosy hut down by the hill, the narrow bunk, the cat, the dog, the cockatoo and the hatter's freedom. His wife had already become a hard mistress. She complained of his every action, and measured out his tobacco and his beer with a niggard hand. A strong craving for drink had come upon him of late, but it was only gratified with the exertion of much diplomacy, and then at rare intervals.

One night—such a night as was needed to bring out all the delights of Billy's pre-nuptial idea of domestic felicity—Yates was sitting by the fire, trying hard to extract some little consolation from an empty pipe, when a young man came through from the bar. Billy looked up, and his face brightened.

"Hello, Alf!" he said.
"Hello, Bill," answered the young man.

Yates' struggle with the uncharged pipe became most demonstrative, but the newcomer, standing before the fire, watching the steam rising from his wet clothes, paid no heed. Alf had been Billy's mate when they worked the leaders on the hill, and the elder man's admiration for the younger was most profound.

"We don't see so much of you lately, me lad," he said, presently.

"No."

Billy lowered his tone and his face clouded. "You don't get on well with Elizabeth, I suspect."

The blood surged in the young man's face, and he glanced sharply at Billy, but the latter continued ingenuously.

"Don't wonder at it, Alf. Can't get on very well with her myself. Never you mind her, though, you just come along an' have a pitch with me ez often ez you feel like it."

Alf altered his position, but made no reply, and the subsequent conversation dealt with generalities.

Had Bill seen Alf's parting with Elizabeth that night, after closing time, he would probably have formed a different opinion as to his old mate's footing with his new mate. The couple stood sheltered by the corner of the house, Mrs. Yates' arm was about the young man's neck, her hand was clasped in his. And yet Alf Lewis was not comfortable, it would seem.

"I'm a miserable sneak," he said, "a mean hound, and I feel it all through. Bill was a brick always. He helped me all he knew when I was hurt at the Eagle; he took me in when he had a good thing on. If I'd been half a man I'd have cleared out long ago."

"Don't mind him," whispered the woman; "he's an old fool!"

"He's a white man—a better man than I, by—!" He dropped her hand and attempted to put her from him.

"You can't break with me now, Alf," she said; "I won't stand it. I will dare anything first."

II.

ABOUT a month later, one dark morning, two hours after midnight, when the wind was blowing briskly on Whiptick, a man rattled at Alf Lewis' hut door, and called to Alf to turn out.

"There's a house afire down the flat—give a hand, will you?" called the neighbor.

As soon as Lewis cast his eyes in the direction of the fire, he knew that it was the Magpie burning. A few minutes later he stood before the blazing building. There was a small crowd standing on the road, and amongst a knot of women, on her knees in the wet grass, crouched Mrs. Yates, her white, stupefied face strangely conspicuous in the glare.

Alf hastened to her side, and touched her shoulder.

"Where is Billy?" he gasped.

The woman looked up at him; her tongue passed over her lips, but she could not articulate. She lifted her hand and nodded her head towards the burning house.

Lewis understood. He turned from her and rushed to the door. Bending his arm over his forehead to shield his face he entered the bar. In an instant Mrs. Yates recovered her energy and her understanding. She sprang to her feet, and darted after Lewis, calling upon her husband's name, and both were lost to sight amongst the smoke.

Mrs. Yates clutched Alf before he had reached the passage beyond the bar. He could not distinguish her features, but felt her arms about him, and as the flames licked at them he heard her voice in fierce protestation: "Come back, you fool—you fool! You will spoil all!"

Then she sank forward and lay inert in his arms. Lewis dragged her from the house again, and threw her apparently inanimate form amongst the women.

"For God's sake, keep her back!" he cried, and once more plunged in amongst the curling flames and the smoke.

Mrs. Yates lifted herself on one hand and stared towards the bar door, out of which a long, thin flame spouted at short intervals. Nearly all her beautiful hair was burned, one side of her face was blackened, and her great eyes were luminous like those of a wild beast.

A few men were rushing about senselessly with buckets of water, but the crowd in front of the house was perfectly still and silent—spellbound. All eyes were fixed upon the door. The flames burst through the windows and spread over the wooden walls, and fire was rushing up from the roof in many places. Still the people waited and watched. The tension was terrible; dry tongues passed over dry lips, and the women began to utter short, choking sounds. The roof rose, the whole house seemed to expand. How much longer, oh, God? One man, wrought beyond endurance, gives an inarticulate cry, and rushes towards the building; another, stronger and quicker, intercepts him, and holds him back.

The spell is broken, women cower down and sob continuously; the men grip hands, but make no sound. Lewis and Yates have done forever with this world's affairs.

The calcined remains were found heaped together in the passage leading from the bedroom. Alf had reached his old mate, and had dragged him a little distance towards the bar before succumbing to the smoke and heat.

Mrs. Yates acted strangely at the inquest, and for long after, as an interesting patient at Kew Asylum, babbled to any visitor who would

listen a wild story of a plotted murder and a sudden judgment. She says the fire in which she always sits arises from the flaming bodies of her husband and her lover.—Melbourne Punch.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

The Merits of Dodd's Kidney Pills Can't be Hidden.

Mr. C. S. Griggs, of Hamilton, Tells of His Experience—He suffered with Bright's Disease for Eight Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Hamilton, Feb. 20.—"Mr. Griggs, is it true that you were cured of Bright's Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills after eight years' suffering, and when no other medicine could do you any good?"

This question was asked, a few days ago, by a gentleman who wished to investigate for himself the statement made in last week's papers to the above effect.

"It is true," answered Mr. Griggs, emphatically, "I was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills when every other medicine I had tried had utterly failed to do me any good."

"When I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, I did not think they would help me any more than other medicines had. I was so sick that I was willing to try any means, if it gave a hope, or a chance of cure."

"Well, soon after I started using the Pills, I began to feel different. I found, in a week or so, that I was actually getting better. I kept on taking the medicine until I had used three boxes. After that, I didn't need any more. I was cured, completely and permanently. You may know what I think of Dodd's Kidney Pills, when I tell you that I never let my house be without them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only known positive cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Diseases of Women, and other Kidney Diseases.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Black Man's Burden.

Harper's Weekly.

Lift off the black man's burden—
The load of down-trodden years;
The memories of suffering,
The weight of unshed tears.
Send forth your sons to help him:
They need not wander far;
Nor cross the distant ocean,
Nor seek the western star.

Lift off the black man's burden—
Your backs had need be strong;
The negro's load of ignorance;
The Indian's weight of wrong.
Your sons will want their patience:
No need to stint their pains—
To lift the burdens lying
At other doors than Spain's.

Lift off the black man's burden.
See that your hearts are bold.
Look that your burden-bearers
Seek other things than gold.
Lift loads that lie beside you—
Try first your strength on these.
Then seek the greater burdens
Beyond the western seas.

OWEN HALL.

When the Captains Were Cadets.

WHEN the famous Captain Mahan was a lieutenant and one of the officers of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, it became his duty one evening to award several demerits to Cadet Clark, now or recently captain of the battleship Oregon. The circumstances were such that Clark felt that he had some reason for grievance against his room-mate, now Captain Cook of the cruiser Brooklyn, who had escaped his demerits by being found in bed, where both should have been at the time. So Clark bided his time to pay Cook off, and soon the opportunity came.

Two days in the week were known at the academy as pie days, because pies of all varieties and in great abundance then glorified the dinner-table, although there were never enough to satisfy the cadets.

One day at dinner Clark saw Cook, after giving a stealthy look around the table, pull a sweet-potato pie toward him, and slide it deftly off the cloth into the recesses of his jacket. With another look around at the faces of his companions, who seemed to be all satisfactorily engrossed with their plates, he carefully buttoned his jacket over the prize, which required tender handling, and went on eating his dinner.

As they marched out of the mess-

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SUPPER IS TO MANY INDISPENSABLE

and the question arises: What should we eat, drink and avoid, supper being a late refreshment?

WE SHOULD AVOID

Anything and everything that does not comply with the following simple hygienic rules.

WE SHOULD EAT

That which readily assimilates and does not overtax the digestive powers during the night.

WE SHOULD DRINK

Only that which induces healthy sleep without any reactionary depression in the morning.

BOVRIL



hall, Clark in the rank behind Cook, leaned forward and whispered, "Say, how about finishing that wrestling match we were having the other day?"

Cook shook his head in emphatic negation, but as the ranks broke up in the outer hall, Clark, disregarding his friend's frantic winks, frowns and attempts to back away, grasped and girt him with both arms.

"Here! Stop! Wait! Hold on, confound you, hold on!" implored the victim, wriggling in the grasp of his tormentor, who did hold on harder than ever.

Then a soft yellow substance came creeping over the top of Cook's collar, oozed from the breast of his jacket, and into a fringe at the bottom. With a wrench, he shook himself free from Clark's arms, tore open his jacket, and exposed the mashed and crumbled remains of the sweet-potato pie. "You inspired idiot!" said he, more in sorrow than in anger. "See what you've done! Why, I was going to give you half of it!"

A Famous Blunderer.

MALINO, the popular French simoleon, who performs in the humorous literature of France much the same function that the traditional Paddy does in English literature, has been made the subject of a grave study, in which his innocent stupidities are carefully analyzed. He is nothing more or less than a convenient personification of a type of the harmless blunderer and complacent lackwit found in all ages and countries. In France his sayings reflect, however, something of the picturesqueness which is characteristic of the nation.

Calino's blunderings, it seems, began at an early age. He had not craft enough to tell a lie that would hold water for a moment. One day at school he got into a fight with a com-

panion, and came home with a gash on his forehead.

"How did you get that cut?" asked his father.

"What cut, papa?"

"Why, that great gash on your forehead."

"I bit myself there, papa."

"Bit yourself? Why, you couldn't bite yourself on your forehead."

"I got upon a chair to do it, papa."

Early one morning, when Calino was out with his gun, he saw a robin in the garden of his friend Camille. He aimed at it, but it dropped below the top of the wall. Then Calino went into the house, crept up stairs softly, stole into Camille's bedroom without waking Camille, who was in bed, pointed his gun out of the window at the robin and fired—bang!

Camille leaped out of bed in wild confusion and alarm.

"W—w—why, w—w—what's the matter?"

"Oh, did I wake you up?" said Calino. "I pulled the trigger just as softly as I could."—Boston Traveler.

A Funny Occurrence.

A few days ago the Monsoon Tea Co., in one of their advertisements, said that "all unmarried ladies would get a monsoon if they would only insist on getting the right brand of tea from their grocers." One lady wrote to the company asking if there were coupons in the packets to be saved in order to get the prize or how they proposed giving them out. She was written to and informed that it was only an advertisement.

She—I don't look at all like myself to-day. He—it would be a good time to get your photo. taken.

Sixty First-Class Hotels.

Within from one to twenty minutes' walk from Grand Central Station, New York, reached only by "America's Greatest Railroad," the New York Central. Excellent service from Canadian points by both Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk. Rates same as any other line. Ask ticket agents for particulars, or address Harry Parry, General Agent, New York Central, Buffalo.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Wind, Colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
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VOL. 2] TORONTO, FEB. 25, 1899. [NO. 15



It is rather difficult to understand how it is that Way Down East made such a successful run in New York, for although there are interesting figures in its cast and although it has points of merit, yet it falls notably short of Shore Acres and The Old Homestead. Perhaps it pleased its patrons in New York because the people there have grown somewhat weary of farce comedies that all look alike, and perhaps it fails to please some of us in Toronto because we had heard it praised so very much that we were extravagant in our expectations. The strength of the attraction appears to me to consist more in the excellent make-up and by-play of the characters on the stage than in the merits of the play itself. Until the last act the Professor is nothing but a blithering idiot. When the family go away to a party and the villain calls at the farm-house to interview his victim, who is there as a servant, he talks in a



vein which is wholly untrue to life, but this vein is adopted in order to expose him entirely to the audience as a villain. Even the rudest instinct of the roughest person would tell a man not to so talk to his victim at a time when he particularly desired her to keep silent as to her past and his own. It is a cheap scene.

Plays of this class are supposed to draw the hearts of people by the appeals they make to gentle sentiments and homely virtues, yet, from this view-point, what are we to think of the closing act? The girl has been found out—her past is exposed. She had been tricked by a mock marriage. The farmer's son, knowing this, will marry her. Her betrayer is also present and offers to make her his wife. She refuses to marry the father of her child, and amid applause accepts the offer of the young farmer. It is a most singular position for a young woman of delicate feeling to be placed in, I should say. This woman had gone up to the altar with this man and had lived with him in what she had considered honorable union. But it had been a mock marriage. It is not unusual for a woman in such evil case to regard herself a wife in the sight of heaven, and to establish herself as such in the sight of the law, if possible. Among a people accustomed to annual divorces the action of the woman in making a marriage that the man had mocked, may seem like good sentiment and a just retribution, but there is something exceedingly tame in the triumph of the farmer's son, and something inadequate in the punishment inflicted upon her betrayer. To have the fellow there proffering marriage is an artistic situation. The boys in the gallery may cheer when his offer is rejected, and may think that he has been very properly rebuffed, but the incident shows that the woman regards marriage as a civil contract and nothing more. It is an unsentimental idea and incapable of artistic embellishment. And the man may not have been crushed fatally—a few hours earlier he had been diligently making love to another in Her presence, and I can fancy him a few hours later laughing heartily at the betrothed and the people who applauded in the gallery. But the production shows us some real country people—the squire, his wife, his son, the



Way Down East.

bumpkin of a boy, the old constable being particularly well done.

As the Cyrano de Bergerac of Richard Mansfield is not to be seen in Toronto this year, we must consider ourselves fortunate in having a stock company at the Princess Theater enterprising enough to undertake the production of so famous and difficult a piece. The degree of success attained at the Princess this week is only comparative, yet the people of this city should welcome the privilege of seeing M. Rostand's drama passably presented and at cheap prices, when they otherwise would have missed it altogether. The piece is handsomely staged and costumed, and as to the playing of it, it may be remarked that we have no right to expect such a portrayal of Cyrano's character as would be given by a Coquelin or a Mansfield. No ordinary man can carry that nose—no ordinary face can support it. It quells all the other features of Mr. Maurice Freeman's face and imparts to them a pale cast of terror. His mouth, eyes, ears are inadequate and alarmed by the over-shadowing nose, and the result is that he is wholly unable to change the expression of his countenance. Cyrano is not a melancholy Dane, and although a poet he is not of the doleful school; he is essentially a humorist and a wit, and he conceals beneath a reckless and rollicking exterior much interior merit of heart and mind. In the portrayal of such a character no actor should carry an artificial nose beyond the expressive capacities of his other facial members, else he makes the face as impassive as a death mask. Nature in giving a man a nose gives it also that environment which, though it may not render it beautiful, at least gives it animated intelligence. Unless Mr. Freeman can enlarge his mouth I think he should pare his nose, and it might require but a small reduction to give that balance that nature preserves in expressive countenances. There never was such a time about a nose, and Cyrano recalls the old word-juggle:

No nose knows the woes
That my Roman nose knows.

The house was crowded on Tuesday evening, and my seat being near the back I found it very difficult to hear what the characters on the stage were saying. Three or four hundred of the people present must have come away dissatisfied on this account, as I have done before, and it would be well for the male members of the company to speak louder.

The Dreyfus drama, Devil's Island, played at popular prices, is doing well at the Toronto Opera House this week. As it appeared so recently at the Grand it will be familiar to my readers.

Manager Cummings has on his list for presentation during the next two months some of the choicest plays of the modern stage. Commencing on Monday afternoon, he will present Mr. A. C. Gunter's drama in a prologue and three acts, Mr. Barnes of New York, with an enlarged and improved cast and elaborate stage settings and scenery. Everyone who has

read the novel—and who has not?—knows that the adventures of Mr. Barnes form one of the most interesting and most absorbing stories published in the last quarter of a century. The dramatization is by Mr. Gunter himself, and will be given in exact accordance with the author's text and as presented at the Grand Opera House three or four years ago. It will be the first time Mr. Barnes of New York has been given at the prices that prevail at the Princess.

Lillian Russell, the re-plendent feature of the lyric season at the New York Casino, will be seen and heard at the Grand Opera House for three nights commencing Monday, when Offenbach's mythological burlesque, La Belle Héloïse, will be sung in English by the George W. Lederer Stock Opera Company. Miss Russell will be accompanied by Thomas Q. Seabrooke, and that exquisite Casino flower, Edna Wallace-Hopper. The cast also includes Ferris Hartman, the noted lyric comedian of San Francisco; also the young English tenor, William E. Philp, together with the fine basso, J. C. Miron, and other sterling artists. The opera will be given with the identical original chorus and *mise en scene* of the Casino. The organization numbers nearly one hundred singers in its membership. There will be no matinees.

A great theatrical success benefits a multiplicity of interests. Among them may be mentioned the playwrights, the tailors, the dressmakers, the weavers, the scene painters, the carpenters, the electricians, the printers and the lithographers, and the thousand and one other interests looking to the theater, for the whole or a considerable part of their support, as the case may be.

Charles Coghlan's new play, in which he will reappear in the Fifth Avenue Theater on April 10, is a story of the French revolution and the action occurs some months after the execution of Louis XVI.

Stuart Robson expects to produce Theodore Burt Sayre's new play, Two Rogues and a Romance, in the spring. Augustus Thomas also is at work upon a new comedy for Mr. Robson.

The William T. Terriss who played the leading juvenile role in The Telephone Girl here is a son of the late William Terriss of London, who was assassinated at the stage door.

Paris actresses wear paper lace, which by night looks as beautiful and delicate as the best of real lace, while it costs but a trifle.

Lillian Russell is said to draw a salary of \$1,000 per week in La Belle Héloïse with a percentage of the receipts in addition.

Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima donna, and W. F. Pendleton, non-professional, were married lately in Rome, Italy.

An open-air performance of a Greek play is to form part of Yale's two hundredth anniversary celebration.

Lady Halle.

THE Toronto debut of Lady Hallé, the world-renowned solo violinist, at the Massey Hall on Monday night will be the most interesting if not the most notable event of the musical season. For the past twenty-nine years the name of Lady Hallé, or Norman-Neruda, has been a household word among lovers of classic music. Lady Hallé, nee Wilma Neruda, was born at Bruenn, and when scarcely four years old began to take violin lessons from her father, organist of the cathedral. In her sixth year she was sent to Vienna, where she studied under Jansa, the famous violin virtuoso. In 1846 she gave three concerts in Vienna, at the last of which Jenny Lind sang.

In 1864 she married the Swedish conductor and composer, Ludwig Norman, and went to Stockholm with him. They separated after a time and Norman died in 1885. She made an extensive tour as a virtuosa and appeared always with pronounced success at Copenhagen, Leipzig, Frankfurt, Cologne, and at Paris in 1868, where she aroused the enthusiasm of musicians and the public. Then followed triumphs in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Brussels. In 1890 she settled in London and since then has been a prominent figure at all the great concerts. She was heard at orchestral concerts, in recitals with Charles Hallé, whom she married in 1888, and in chamber concerts with Joachim, Patti, Reeves, Zerbini, and her brother Franz. She also made many tours in Germany, France and Holland.

In 1895 she went to South Africa and had many novel adventures. On one occasion, it is related, one thousand Kafirs danced their war dances and sang in her honor.

While Lady Hallé is an executant of wondrous skill, she has preferred to devote her genius to the illustration of the acknowledged masterpieces of the great composers rather than to the exhibition of mere display pieces. She excels as a quartette player, her purity of style and artistic insight fitting her admirably for the duties of leader. But she is equally great as a soloist. Violinists will be interested to know that Lady Hallé plays upon the celebrated Stradivarius which once belonged to Ernst, which, if I remember rightly, she obtained from Mr. Lawrie, the Glasgow collector of Cremona violins.

A great deal of space could be filled with the tributes paid during the last fifty years to this remarkable woman. Von Bulow, who named her "the violin-fay," said of her: "The only rival of Joachim lives in England. It is a woman, and her name is Wilma Neruda." Viextemps, who dedicated to her his Sixth Concerto, wrote of her to a friend, December 6, 1880: "She is the ideal violinist. Never have I heard the violin played with so much soul, passion and purity. She is at the same time classic and poetic. She has all the qualities of the great artist." The latest reviews of her performances—and they are written by the leading authorities—show that this remarkable violinist is still in the full possession of her powers.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the British America Assurance Company last week, the sixty-fifth report showed that though the past year has been a trying one in many respects, the company has passed through it satisfactorily, and has paid its usual dividend. The directors feel that this is an especial cause for congratulation, since there were an unusual number of marine and fire losses during the last twelve months, the company having had losses through the destruction of New Westminster last September, a particularly heavy fire. The strong directorate of the company includes the following well known financiers: Hon. George A. Cox, president; J. J. Kenny, vice-president; Hon. S. C. Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thos. Long, John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, F. A. Myers.



THE YOUNG MAN.

IN this new and busy community the young man of leisure is almost an unknown quantity. Here and there are young men who have unfortunately either no inclination or no need to work, and who go about like the French girl sighing "Oh, won't you come and play wix me!" to the crowd who are occupied with more or less urgency in padding each his own canoe. His plaintive loneliness often drives him into matrimony, into drink, or into work, which last, and often which first refuge proves his salvation. He is apt to be *blase* with society, the rich young man, for it shows to him its least attractive side. The women who flatter him and the men who toady to him do so because he is rich and they are not. Certain others, rich themselves, accept him indifferently; he is an alternate object of spoliation and compassion, is the rich young man. His best point is his rarity. He is apt to go abroad for his bride, unless some extra clever and slightly advanced girl makes up her mind to annex him. She, too, is often rich, and they lead a dull and luxurious existence thenceforward.

The poor young man in society is almost always a bank clerk, bank clerks being the only poor young men who can afford to go to dances three or four times a week and wear *boutonnieres* in the winter season. He does not mention his poverty; he keeps decently mum, and always puts on an air of *debonair bon camaraderie* which ill befits his small cares and overdrawn account. It takes some heroism to be a bank clerk in a smart social season, when there are ball tickets to purchase, and if he allows himself the luxury of a "special," she wants candy and five o'clock tea, and roses and *coups d'infinitum*. It must be that she confuses her ideas and allows the notion of a bank full of notes and gold to envelope her hapless swain until he takes on a money solvency quite inconsistent with his salary. Should the poor young man not live within the aura of a financial institution, but be a worker in one of the professions with a shingle attached, he goes less jauntily and less frequently into his dress suit. The struggling barrister does not appeal to the butterfly mind of society's belles, nor yet the young doctor whose time is so largely given to patience instead of patients. Their meagre gains, dingy offices and forced gaiety suggest a state of affairs which no butterfly could spread her wings over, and though sometimes the butterfly sits tight awaiting the evolution of a great pleader, or the recognition of a great surgeon, with love in her heart and matrimony in her mind, 'tis often a long wait and a tough struggle in which there is little time or wish for dance and rout. The poor young man must be indeed an optimist (or a bank clerk) if he cuts much figure in society.

The rising young man is an entrancing problem to chaperones. They see him zetting rich, adding acre to acre of promising property, stock to stock of solid investments, budding out with a nag and a trap, and taking unto himself a patronizing air and a confident voice. As he waxes rich the mothers lay cunningly baited traps for him, the daughters kiss each other viciously on his account, the fathers speak of him in tones of mingled commendation and warning in the presence of their women folks. A general "catch-if-you-can" and encouraging voice papa uses when he mentions the rising young man to the daughter of his heart. If the rising young man isn't more than human he begins to fancy himself a good deal. He hectors the club waiters and is generally familiar and slightly patronizing to the older members. He looks over his invitations with gravity, untainted by the slightest gratification; in very ad-

vanced stages of "magnan caput" he swears softly at the insignificant ones. When the rising young man takes a sporting streak he develops a mania for "form," he becomes an Anglo-maniac and is difficult to a degree. He affects the military, if they will allow him, and amuses their wives, being always game to set up a dinner, or a picnic, or a drive for these mighty beings. Sometimes his sport is his eclipse; he runs horses and goes broke, or he buys a yacht and gets the craze so badly that terrestrial society sees him but seldom; sometimes he marries, and that always seems to sober him, if he needs it. He continues to rise and in time becomes a judge, a consulting surgeon, a general manager, whatever it may be; he ceases to interest us in this article.

Of late years several conditions have changed, and with them the young man has also changed. There are young men who rarely go into society now, who ten years ago would have been glad to kill spare evenings in that way. Take the hockey fiend; he is very young, but he has learned to refuse his best and most blushing girl's society the nights the game is on. She may go to the rink and hang over the gallery rail and catch any number of pulmonary complaints to be near him, but he would play just as happily if she were miles away. The hockey young man on his skates and the football young man in his hair are not bothering much about society.

The occasional young man cuts a great figure while he lasts; sometimes his advent and impression are the features of the social season. He comes from abroad, a peripatetic Briton with a title, a foreigner with curious ideas of women, and a tendency to use strong perfumery; a vague person, affecting rough attire and strong boots, but perfectly at home among the tea-cups of the five-o'clock. For the first species the life is fast and furious; teas, dinners, luncheons, girls and men fall over each other in his honor; a sort of mania seizes the silly set; even the more solid section of society sends out cards to meet Lord A. or Count B. The occasional young man is apt to mop his brows and marvel on the rate the Colonials live at. Sometimes, in order to ensure a reaction of proper proportions, he has even been known to annex the jewels of some enthusiastic host, and end his sojourn in our midst doing time under prison rules. Much more harmless, if less exciting, is the visit of the young man from the Motherland who speaks with a strong United Empire accent, and often marries one of our prettiest girls, taking her to unknown regions of ice and snow on his career as an agricultural experimentalist or a mounted policeman.

The more young man is the absent young man. Perhaps he is more in evidence just now, while he toils and freezes and writes tales unholy and untrue of the gold fields and the glaciers to his mother and his sister and his sweetheart, who looks at his unobtrusive engagement ring and finds it distinctly inadequate as a consolation. By and by he will be back, bawled or successful in his search for fortune, and take his place once more as the poor young man, or marry the sweetheart, invest his earnings and pay his taxes as a good citizen. Yes, he is still a possible strong figure in society is the absent young man, from whom everything is expected!

Ko-Ko.

The Society of Authors and Publishers.

A CANADIAN author met a Canadian publisher and leading him to one side said unto him: "How is it that you publishers ask authors to rush to arms to win your fight on the copyright question?"

"Well, you are interested in it, too. It is also an author's question."

"It is to a certain extent. But the publisher and the author have been at war from time immemorial. To-day the president of the British Authors' Society is engaged in a bitter fight with publishers, alleging that they are but robbers and that they prey upon him and his kind."

"He is wrong."

"Of course you say so—you are a publisher. Let me relate to you a fable. Once upon a time a flock of Lambs were enclosed within a field and they continually bleated their grief because of being so Pent up. 'Why can we not roam at will?' they cried. Some Lions had long been watching them from the edge of the Forest, but dared not go near them for fear of being Seen. One night they ventured near and said: 'It is too bad that you are in this plight. Help us to break down this high paling and we will let you out. Yonder are the green woods—it is just lovely in the depths of the Forest, so shady, so cool, and we are so strong that we can do lots of things for you.' The Lambs had grown so weary of the restraints long imposed upon them that they seized this kind offer and joined with the Lions, and the paling, shoved from within and shoved from without, swayed and fell in one place—sufficient for the Lions' purpose. The Lambs tripped into the Forest, and the Lions never knew Want again."

"Very pretty," said the publisher, "but I don't see the point."

"Moral," said the author. "If our authors have not sufficient originality to originate a Society of Authors they are not a promising Class, and Lions are hungrier for Mutton than for fame as Liberators."

Spirit and Letter.

The Outlook.

Carpet Curate—Why didn't you come to the Albert Hall and help us last week?
Working Curate—Well, you see, I've my Working Men's Club to look after, and the Football Club, and the Young Men's Institute; and then my people expect me to go and look them up when they're ill, and I've to persuade some of them to keep sober, and others not to knock their wives about, and—
Carpet Curate—Of course, of course.



MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE, TENOR,
Who Sings at the Lady Halle Concert on Monday.



MISS GERTRUDE STEIN, CONTRALTO,
Who Sings at the Lady Halle Concert on Monday.

Hunting for a Place.

LAST week we needed a new caretaker and night watchman, and an advertisement was put in the *Telegram* and applicants were told to call on Thursday between three and four o'clock. All morning the telephone bells rang. Professors in colleges, Members of Parliament, wholesale merchants, managers of companies, and private individuals of all sorts rang up to recommend some special man. As the job is only worth a little over four hundred dollars a year it was astonishing to find so many people eager for it and yet accustomed to gathering every possible influence to bear in order to get a place.

Letters of all sorts were written, many of them pitiful in the extreme, the applicants begging to be heard first, inasmuch as they had been out of employment for months and had always failed to get anything that was offering. One poor fellow made vows that he would work his fingers to the bone if he could only be given a trial, as he had not had a month's work in a year. Others sending copies of exceedingly good testimonials declared their willingness to accept any wage offered so long as they got a chance. Such letters as these are hard to read, for men must be eager to work or they would not beg for a place where the toll is from six in the afternoon till six in the morning without any company whatever, and they become responsible for the safety of eight floors. Other caretakers have had their arms blistered in using the hose to prevent the spread of adjacent fires, and altogether the job is one which has nothing to commend it except that it is within doors and steady.

An hour before the time advertised the applicants lined up in the main hall and in the business office. As an experience I undertook the job of selecting a man and found it very interesting, but so saddening that I rarely ventured a direct refusal, satisfying the man by taking his name, nationality, age, previous business and address, and promising to let him know if he were selected. Altogether there must have been sixty or seventy applicants, the majority of them conspicuously unsuited for the job, being uncouth and none too clean in their personal appearance.

Yet when some of these men presented their case it made one wish that there were a job for each of them. As a large boiler has to be attended to and experience in that regard was advertised as necessary, nearly all of them claimed to have been marine firemen, stationary engineers, acquainted with running an engine for a threshing-machine, or in some other indirect way to have knowledge of the management of so dangerous an apparatus as a big boiler.

"I've got ten children, sir, and I haven't had work for six months. I was fireman, sir, two seasons on a tug."

"Were you ever caretaker?"
"No, sir; but I've helped the wife with the housework when she was sewing and I couldn't get work." Leaning over the counter—"I'll take your own price, sir."

I told him I would let him know if he was selected.

"John Jones," replied one man when asked his name.

"Nationality?" I enquired.

"Henglish church, thank God, sir."

"I don't want to know your religion; where were you born?"

"Hin dear hold Kent, sir, hin Hengland."

"What is your business?"

"Servant, sir, to noble families. 'Ave been always in the nobility, sir, till I came to this country."

"What is your age?"

"I'll tell you the truth, sir, as many of these won't. I'm fifty-six, sir." (He was seventy if he was a day.)

"What is your name?"

"Peter Dynan."

"Nationality?" I asked.

He leaned over the counter and said, "The same as your own, sir, R. C."

I told him I had no wish to know the religion of any applicant.

"Then why did you ask it, sir?" There was a general titter amongst the crowd of applicants, and a big fellow nudged him and said, "He was asking where you were born."

"Oh, is that it, sir?" he said. "Sligo, sir."

"What business?"

"I'm glad to be able to say so, sir, but I'm handy at anything, sir. 'Twas farm work I had in the Old Country, sir, but since I've been in Canada I've been helping on the wharves, and last year I had a job shovelling coal for an engine, and for a week when the engineer was sick I ran the engine, sir, and I'm quite competent, sir, to take charge of a boiler, sir."

A great big, greasy-looking fellow stood next. For an example of careless attire and thorough unadaptability he could not have been surpassed. In a half-whisper I suggested that he need not wait.

"Why?" he demanded with considerable acerbity.

"You are not suitable for the place," I added, though trying to avoid attracting attention to my remarks.

"Why?" he demanded, still more warmly.

"A man who is as untidy in his personal appearance as you are could not be expected to keep a building clean."

He started out and turned back, got outside the first door and turned again as if he would like to make a few personal remarks, but the applicants jostled him away, and I have no doubt he disappeared with some very angry words unuttered.

"Malcolm McKillop," he replied.

"Scott; sixty-one."

"Have you ever taken care of a building?" I enquired.

He looked at me kindly for a moment and said, "No, boy, but I knew you when you were a little bit of a fellow." He told me where he came from and I remembered him well as one of a family of wealthy farmers.

"I have never 'touched, tasted nor

handled.' I am handy as a carpenter, a painter, understand boilers and machinery, and though my beard is gray I can do anything that any other man can. I ought to be able to do the work that you have to do, and I will make a faithful effort if you will give me the place."

"But you would not know anything about scrubbing, Mr. McKillop, and in taking care of an office building it is one of the chief requirements."

"Oh yes, I know something about scrubbing. Ever since my wife died—I knew the family—I have had to scrub the house and take care of the children."

I told him how sorry I would be if I had to pass him over, but I wanted an experienced hand, and with the proud glance of a Highlandman he walked out.

"How much is there in it?" a half a dozen men asked, thoroughly careless as to what they could do.

"Nothing," I replied, and passed on.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances.

The butchers, bakers, valets, coachmen, life insurance agents, and men who had once occupied good positions made me feel before I was through that while we hear and see so much of the failures only come to the surface when something is to be had which at least will ensure bread and butter.

The saddest of all is the fact that these fellows as a rule are the men who could be least relied upon when engaged in even a menial capacity. A man who has all his life been a caretaker, particularly the man who has been at sea and has been taught to scrub decks and to keep the paint glistening, is the best one to entrust with a job where cleanliness and discipline and hard work without the eye of a master are most necessary.

Nationality has considerable to do with this sort of a task. For smooth talk when applying for a job, a Cockney Englishman or an Irishman can far outrank anybody else.

The class of Englishmen and Irishmen, however, who are looking for such positions are apt to be eye servants. I would rather have a Scotchman who is somewhat crusty on his approach but who will work his full time and do his full allowance of grumbling under all circumstances.

An odd feature of the whole affair, however, was that over ninety per cent. of the applicants were Englishmen, absolutely out of work, while the Scotchmen had either recently lost their job through some unforeseen circumstance or were already doing something but wanted to better themselves. Of course it is not safe to generalize on nationalities, but it is an unfortunate fact that the wage-earning Englishman in Canada is the most helpless of his class and the hardest to please if you give him a position.

Don.

Bernhardt and Sardou.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT gave an interesting account, published in a London paper, of M. Sardou's manner of conducting a rehearsal.

He gives his attention in the first place to the minor roles (she says).

As the work advances he proceeds on larger, more general lines, until it seems as if the stage is too small, and one pines for more space in which to allow the action of the piece to develop unhampered by material limitations.

It is said that M. Sardou is very masterful when conducting rehearsals. I have found him, on the contrary, most conciliatory, and ever ready to adopt the suggestions of others when they deserve to be taken into consideration. He regards even the stage carpenter, the scene-shifter, and the fireman as part of the public, and is careful to note and to take hints from their impressions. In this respect he adheres to the practice of Alexandre Dumas.

Like Dumas, too, he is not over-sensitive as to the fate of his prose, and never hesitates to cut his text when necessary. Nothing escapes his notice. He pays attention to even the pettiest details. He tries the chairs, sees that the doors open and shut readily, chooses the dress material and the upholstery, studies the perspective from the auditorium, and mounts to the upper galleries so as to assure himself that the public in the cheap seats can see and hear everything. He lives all the roles, and at every rehearsal acts the entire play right through three or four times over.

He is very sensitive to cold, and always makes his appearance muffled in furs and a comforter. He hands his coat to an attendant, complains at once of the draughts, puts his coat on again, and again disposes with it. About three o'clock he takes some slight refreshment, usually a glass of port and cakes, which he shares with his actors and actresses. While thus engaged he invariably relates a string of anecdotes, of which he has an inexhaustible fund, bearing for the most part, of course, on the theater, but very often, too, on Spiritualism—a subject in which he is deeply interested.

One of R. L. Stevenson's Letters.

17 Heriot row, Edinburgh.

Sunday [Spring, 1875, after visit to London].

HERE is my long story. Yesterday night, after having supped, I grew so restless that I was obliged to go out in search of some excitement.

There was a half-moon lying over on its back and incredibly bright in the midst of a faint gray sky set with faint stars; a very inartistic moon, that would have damned a picture. At the most populous

place of the city I found a little boy, three years old, perhaps, half frantic with terror, and crying to everyone for his "Mummy." This was about eleven, mark you. People stopped and spoke to him and then went on, leaving him more frightened than before. But I and a good-humored mechanic came up together; and I instantly developed a latent faculty for setting the hearts of children at rest.

Master Tommy Murphy (such was his name) soon stopped crying, and allowed me to take him up and carry him; and the mechanic and I trudged along Princes street to find his parents. I was soon so tired that I had to ask the mechanic to carry the bairn; and you should have seen the puzzled contempt with which he looked at me for knocking in so soon. He was a good fellow, however, although very impracticable and sentimental; and he soon bethought him that Master Murphy might catch cold after his excitement, so he wrapped him up in my greatcoat. . . . The sergeant was very nice, and I got Tommy comfortably seated on a bench, and spirited him up with good words and the scene with the currents in it; and then, telling him I was just going out to look for Mammy, I got my greatcoat and slipped away. Poor little boy! he was not called for, I learn, until ten this morning.

To a Discouraged Artist.

This life here is all incomplete—we see but an arc of the ring.

Some day you will paint me great pictures, some day you'll be able to sing

Songs that will shame Petrarch's, or carve from the hard, white stone

The clean, soft curves of a Venus fair as Praxiteles' own.

Why?—

Because, friend, our own dumb bosoms feel always at home with the best;

As the best rises, we rise with it—like bubbles that climb the wave's crest:

We sit with the greatest as equals—we eat of the high priest's food—

No temple so glorious, so holy, we are conscious that we intrude!

Think you such heavenward impulse will not work its ultimate will?

This life's but the upward slope—the next, or the next, is the hill!

The hill from which Raphael and Shakespeare looked out with calm sweep o'er the plain.

The hill they have left for a higher, and the one it is yours yet to gain.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

Ow n Sound, Feb., '99.

The Origin of Lent.

Customs and Church Duties of the Sunday of the Year.

FAST occurring before the festival of Easter has been observed from the earliest days of Christianity, and, like many other Christian rites and customs, it is probably of Jewish origin.

The Jews fasted for forty days before the annual sin-offering, or expiation for the sins of the nation, and Lent—the name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *lenchen*, signifying spring—is observed for forty days before the anniversary of the death of Christ in expiation for the sins of the whole world.

The duration of the fast, however, differed in various localities and times down to the end of the sixth century. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons, wrote to Victor, Bishop of Rome, in the second century: "The difference of opinion is not about the day alone, but the manner of fasting, for some think they are to fast one day, some two, some forty; some fast forty hours of the day and night." The original fast seems to have been appointed for the forty hours between the crucifixion and the resurrection.

Tertullian, writing early in the third century of the Christian era, speaks of this forty hours' fast. A few years later Origen speaks of forty days' fast before Easter as corresponding to the forty days' temptation in the wilderness. And at the Council of Nicea, A.D. 325, this period is spoken of as generally in use. The number forty was very anciently associated with seasons of fasting and humiliation in the history of the Jews. There were, for instance, the forty days of the deluge; the forty years' wandering of the children of Israel; Moses fasted forty days in the Mount, and so did Elijah in the wilderness; the Ninevites were allowed forty days for repentance, and the Saviour chose to observe the same number of days in His fast before the temptation in the wilderness.

Gregory the Great introduced the present mode of observance in the sixth century. He excluded Sundays from the number of fasting days, and began the fast on the Wednesday before the first Sunday in Lent, to complete the forty days. This first day of Lent was called Ash Wednesday, either because in the Eastern churches penitents appeared on that day in sackcloth garments with ashes on their heads, after the habit of mourners in those countries, or, as seems more probable, because it was the custom for the priests on that day to sprinkle ashes before the congregation with the words, "Remember that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return."

The day before Ash Wednesday was called Shrove Tuesday, as on that day it was customary for the people to confess and be shriven or absolved from their sins before entering on the season of Lent. In Roman Catholic countries the days preceding Lent are called the Carnival, or farewell to meat, and are celebrated with games and feasting.

The fourth Sunday in Lent has been called Refreshment Sunday, owing no doubt to the fact that the portion of the gospel appointed for that day relates the feeding of the 5,000 by a miracle. In the Roman Catholic church more festivity is permitted than on any other day in Lent. In France it is called *Mi-Careme*, and specially celebrated. In Rome the "golden rose" is blessed on this day by the Pope, and presented to some distinguished person considered to have done good service to the church during the preceding year. This ceremony is accompanied by festive observances, which dis-



M. FELIX FAURE, THE LATE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

Died Suddenly in Paris, February 16.

tinguish this day from all others of the season.

St. Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed" Bishop of Constantinople in the fourth century, speaks of great strictness in fasting in his day: "Some rival each other in fasting, rejecting wine and oil and indeed every dish, taking only bread and water during the whole of Lent." He also exhorts men to purify themselves during Lent by "prayer, alms-deeds, fasting, watching and confession of sins."

No marriages were allowed during the forty days, and festivals were transferred to Sundays. Public shows and amusements were forbidden, and all people were enjoined to engage in works of charity and self-denial.

The Roman and Greek churches give rules to their members regarding abstinence during Lent. The English Church has no express ruling on the subject, but urges the duty and the example of the primitive Christians, leaving the details to individual conscience.

Modern life and customs have so altered that it would be impossible to follow the ancient rule, but these changes have vastly increased opportunities for self-denial and sacrifice of pleasure. As George Herbert wrote:

"Starve thy sin,
And not thy bin,
And that's to keep thy Lent."

In the rural districts of England pancakes are always eaten on Shrove Tuesday, and hot-cross buns on Good Friday. A "gammon of bacon" is served at Easter to show contempt for Judaism. The Gypsies are said to dine on baked calf's head on Easter Day. Mr. Samuel Pepys speaks of a Lenten supper at which was served a dish of red herrings with a corn salad.

Lent may be called the Sunday of the year, and the observance of the season with more or less strictness is yearly increasing among all Christian people.

Society pauses in its eager pursuit of pleasure. The great middle class of people turn from their busy vocations to meditate on the life which is to come.

To quote George Herbert again:

"Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. If with thy watch,
That too be down, then wind both up.
Since we shall be most surely judged
Make thy accounts agree."

Two Women and Tess.

THE Wise Woman and the Frivolous Girl were sitting in front of me at a matinee performance of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. The Frivolous Girl shivered, because she was too hard-hearted to sympathize with the fate of the heroine.

"You'd think she would do something besides take all the hard luck Fate showers on her. She might at least get mad and say things."

"My dear child," the Wise Woman said, "you have wrong ideas of morality. You will find that sin hampers people in their course through life so that swift-footed Nemesis overtakes them as easily as—"

"A policeman overtakes a bike on the sidewalk. Of course, there would be no fun in sinning, if people didn't calculate to get ahead of Nemesis, and if there was no fun in sinning, nobody would sin and the lawyers would all have to study medicine or go to business college."

The Wise Woman looked sorrowfully at the Frivolous Girl.

"Where does the fun come in, in sinning? Tell me that."

"You don't suppose people transgress from a sense of duty, do you?" asked the other.

"Look at Tess—was there any joy for her in sinning?"

"Life wasn't worth anything to her before she met Angel Clare, so she thought it wouldn't matter if she was a little more wretched, if it was going to make other people a good deal happier. The trouble was that she went back on her bargain and wanted to be happy herself, which shows the inadvisability of unselfishness in the first place, and the improbability of

disentangling such a knot as her life got into, in the second. This is a tragedy, not a sermon, you know. I hate sermons, because preachers always have a sort of second-hand sentiment that they inflict on people."

"Wrong" is wrong, and it will be punished," said the Wise Woman.

"Wrong doing will entangle your life: mistakes are rarely rectified in time. Tragedy creeps into every heart, trailing its long iron-gray garments over the soul, barring the entrance to joy and mirth—"

"It strikes me that you are mistaking an absent sense of humor for tragedy," suggested the Frivolous Girl.

"You will think differently some day. You are only a silly, inexperienced little girl yet. When 'memories, like the world, the oppress'd oppress—'"

"By the way, are there any ghostly daughters of Melpomene traipsing over the fair expanse of your soul just at present? If not, have some candy. I want to get dyspepsia so that I can talk in such rhetorical rhythm as you do—about lives that fail to connect at the right stations and the facility of trying to enjoy being good after being bad. I am not wise—I have not been married three times, like you have, but the gloom attendant on indigestion will serve me just as well in appearing so."

J.

The Crusade Against Consumption.

EVEN five years ago when Mr. W. J. Gage of Toronto offered to contribute a handsome sum towards the creation of a sanitarium for consumptives, there was no general feeling that anything worth while could be accomplished in the way of curing those tainted with the disease, nor was the necessity for isolating patients understood by more than the few. Mr. Massey and other men of wealth joined with Mr. Gage and the result is a splendid sanitarium at Gravenhurst, where results that are very gratifying have already been achieved, and where the white plague is being studied along systematic lines. The whole world has aroused itself too. In Great Britain similar institutions have been established. In Berlin during the coming summer there will be held a great international convention, attended by many of the leading medical men and humanitarians of Europe, to devise means of combating consumption. The insidious disease has at last been recognized as the deadliest enemy in the shape of a contagious disease that the white race has to deal with.

In Ontario for the month of November last there were 284 deaths from contagious diseases, and of these no less than 146 were from consumption—more than half. In a year in Great Britain there are 70,000 deaths from consumption, and, as an English paper points out, the saving of these lives would be a tremendous addition to the assets and resources of any nation. It may be that those who die early of consumption are physically inadequate and, though built up by wise treatment, would die later on because of some other bodily impairment, but the difference between death at twenty-five or thirty and death at fifty is the difference of a generation and permits of the accomplishment of one's life-work. Some of the world's greatest have been victims of tuberculosis, among those named in this connection being: Chatterton, Keats, Shelley, Hood and Robert Louis Stevenson. If some of these could have been preserved for ten or twenty years what might they not have added to their work? Of the countless thousands who have gone down unmarked, carrying their possibilities with them, who can begin to estimate the loss they have been to the human race?

The statement has been made that it was consumption that built up South Africa into what it is to-day. Cecil Rhodes and several of his ablest lieutenants went out to the Cape in order to throw off the fell disease that had put its clutch upon them. But very few items

can be entered in the ledger in favor of the white plague.

The great preventive of consumption is sunshine; the great remedies are sunshine and diet. In an article in *Chambers' Journal* on this subject the following information is given:

What is known of the "open-air treatment of consumption" has hitherto given the best results both in curing the disease and in prolonging life where complete recovery was impossible; and this method may be summed up in the words, "rest, abundant food, and a life in the open air."

At some seasons the patient is merely encouraged to eat as much as he can manage; at others it is one of the rules of the institution that he eat double what he feels inclined to! The excellent results of overfeeding appear the more extraordinary when we consider the feeble digestion of the majority of cases of phthisis. At Nordach the maximum amount of food is not admitted until after the lapse of the first few days. Then the doctor takes up a convenient position at each meal, and watches that the following liberal menus are partaken of: Breakfast—Half-litre of milk, coffee and rolls, eggs and meat, as the patient likes. This is the only meal at which one can suit one's inclinations. Dinner at 1.15—Half-litre of milk. First course, about half-pound of beef or fish; second course, about half-pound of veal, mutton, or poultry; as much vegetables as can be crowded in on two platefuls; half-pound bread, half-pound pudding, rice, batter, custard, or ice cream. Supper at 7—Same quantity as dinner, without pudding, and the courses are as varied as possible. These two meals have to be taken under the eye of the doctor, and no servant is allowed to remove a plate until quite empty. Alcohol is allowed (as beer or wine). A half-litre of milk is nearly a pint.

The annual report of the Gravenhurst Sanitarium has just been issued, and men and women throughout the province who have an interest in combating the white plague should write to the superintendent of that institution for a copy of the report. They will find the work a worthy one—a work that should appeal to those who have no way to donate or to bequeath for the benefit of mankind.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's Intentions.

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI is expected to return to England at Easter, after an absence of eighteen months, and will play cricket with Sussex this summer. It is announced that during the season he will select a team of amateur players to go on a tour of India next winter. While he is touring India the Prince will help to select the eleven Indian players who are to visit England in 1900 under his captaincy. This Indian team will certainly prove highly popular in England next season. A cricket tour of India, on the other hand, is not altogether a novelty, as teams under the direction of Mr. G. F. Vernon and Lord Hawke have previously visited India the first in 1889-90, when ten matches were won, two drawn and one lost, and the other three years later, when Lord Harris was Governor of Bombay. Fifteen games were won on that occasion won against a couple of defeats and six drawn games. Since then the standard of cricket in India has been raised.

Genesis and Geology.

REV. F. L. HIGGINS began a course of lectures last Sunday evening on Genesis and Geology at the New Jerusalem church on Elm street, Toronto. The first lecture was in the nature of a scientific introduction to those to follow, which will, promised the speaker, show that the account of the six days of creation is a parable treating in symbolic language of the regeneration of man, for the Scriptures have a spiritual significance.

"The Genesis account," said he, "is admitted by all scientific Bible students to be scientifically incorrect, in its statement of the time when the sun was created—the fourth day. But the events are given in exactly such an order as would have appeared to a man observing them from the surface of the earth itself. We know the sun was created before the earth was formed, instead of on the fourth day. But it could not have been seen by the observer on the surface of the earth until the fourth period, because of the carbonic acid gas, impervious to sunlight, which was absorbed by the vegetation of the third period. Hence as the account only describes the events as they would have appeared to a man observing them from the earth itself it becomes evident that its purpose is not to treat of the creation of the material universe as such alone, but of the spiritual formation or regeneration of man. And when viewed in this light it will be seen that the six creative days correspond exactly to the six stages of man's regeneration."

He Could Do It.

Half a dozen lawyers sat solemnly and silently looking at their watches in Judge Daingerfield's department of the Superior Court, says the *San Francisco Examiner*. Allen Templeton, a witness of the death of May Quill, killed by the Berkeley train, had testified that the train stopped at Dwight for one minute.

Attorney Sullivan, on cross-examination, asked him to estimate the time of a minute. Then the lawyers pulled out their watches and timed him. On his first effort he made it just thirty-two seconds. They tried him again, and he made it in sixty seconds to a tick. The witness was looking straight at the clock behind the learned attorneys.

Completely Sawed Off.

Chicago Tribune.

"I'd like to know," said the delinquent boarder, "why I don't get any of that plank shad."

"Perhaps," suggested the pert waitress, "it is because you haven't settled for the board."

And he sat there like a wooden man.

Colonel Bludwood—So you got a bath-day present of a five-dollar knife, huh?

One of those Birmingham knives, with sixteen blades and a cork-screw, I presume, huh?

Colonel Bludwood—No, sub; a plain, ole-fashioned knife, with sixteen cork-screws and one blade, sub—Judge.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - - - EDITOR

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, and
specially illustrated paper, published weekly, and
is voted to its readers.Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a
single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:

SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - - - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1100

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$3.00
Six Months 1.50
Three Months75

Delivered in Toronto, 50c per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the
business office.THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2 TORONTO, FEB. 25, 1899. [No. 1]



It is rather difficult to understand how
it is that Way Down East made such
a successful run in New York, for
although there are interesting figures
in its cast and although it has points
of merit, yet it falls notably short
of Shore Acres and The Old Homestead.
Perhaps it pleased its patrons in New
York because the people there have grown
somewhat weary of farce comedies that
all look alike, and perhaps it fails to
please some of us in Toronto because we
had heard it praised so very much that
we were extravagant in our expectations.
The strength of the attraction appears to
me to consist more in the excellent make-
up and by-play of the characters on the
stage than in the merits of the play itself.
Until the last act the Professor is nothing
but a blithering idiot. When the family
go away to a party and the villain calls at
the farm-house to interview his victim,
who is there as a servant, he talks in a



vein which is wholly untrue to life, but
this vein is adopted in order to expose
him entirely to the audience as a villain.
Even the rudest instinct of the roughest
person would tell a man not to talk to
his victim at a time when he particularly
desires her to keep silent as to her past
and his own. It is a cheap scene.

Plays of this class are supposed to draw
the hearts of people by the appeals they
make to gentle sentiments and homely
virtues, yet, from this view-point, what
are we to think of the closing act? The
girl has been found out—her past is ex-
posed. She had been tricked by a mock
marriage. The farmer's son, knowing
this, will marry her. Her betrayer is also
present and offers to make her his wife.
She refuses to marry the father of her
child, and amid applause accepts the offer
of the young farmer. It is a most singu-
lar position for a young woman of delicate
feeling to be placed in, I should say. This
woman had gone up to the altar with this
man and had lived with him in what she
had considered honorable union. But it
had been a mock marriage. It is not
unusual for a woman in such evil case
to regard herself a wife in the sight of
heaven, and to establish herself as such in
the sight of the law, if possible. Among
people accustomed to annual divorces the
action of the woman in making a mar-
riage that the man had mocked, may seem
like good sentiment and a just retribution,
but there is something exceedingly tame
in the triumph of the farmer's son, and
something inadequate in the punishment
inflicted upon her betrayer. To have the
fellow there proffering marriage is an in-
artistic situation. The boys in the gallery
may cheer when his offer is rejected, and
may think that he has been very properly
rebuffed, but the incident shows that the
woman regards marriage as a civil con-
tract and nothing more. It is an un-
sentimental idea and incapable of artistic
embellishment. And the man may not
have been crushed fatally—a few hours
earlier he had been diligently making love
to another in Her presence, and I can
fancy him a few hours later laughing
heartily at the betrothed and the people
who applauded in the gallery. But the
production shows us some real country
people—the square, his wife, his son, the



Way Down East.

pumpkin of a boy, the old constable being
particularly well done.

As the Cyrano de Bergerac of Richard
Mansfield is not to be seen in Toronto this
year, we must consider ourselves fortunate
in having a stock company at the
Princess Theater enterprising enough to
undertake the production of so famous
and difficult a piece. The degree of suc-
cess attained at the Princess this week is
only comparative, yet the people of this
city should welcome the privilege of seeing
M. Rostand's drama passably pre-
sented and at cheap prices, when they
otherwise would have missed it alto-
gether. The piece is handsomely staged
and costumed, and as to the playing of it,
it may be remarked that we have no right
to expect such a portrayal of Cyrano's
character as would be given by a Coquelin
or a Mansfield. No ordinary man can
carry that nose—no ordinary face can
support it. It quells all the other features
of Mr. Maurice Freeman's face and im-
parts to them a pale cast of terror. His
mouth, eyes, ears are inadequate and
alarmed by the over-shadowing nose, and
the result is that he is wholly unable to
change the expression of his countenance.
Cyrano is not a melancholy Dane, and
although a poet he is not of the doleful
school; he is essentially a humorist and a
wit, and he conceals beneath a reckless
and rollicking exterior much interior
merit of heart and mind. In the
portrayal of such a character no actor
should carry an artificial nose be-
cause the expressive capacities of
the face as impassive as a death mask.
Nature in giving a man a nose gives it
also that environment which, though it
may not render it beautiful, at least gives
it animated intelligence. Unless Mr.
Freeman can enlarge his mouth I think
he should pare his nose, and it might re-
quire but a small reduction to give that
balance that nature preserves in expres-
sive countenances. There never was such
a time about a nose, and Cyrano recalls
the old word-juggle:

No nose know the woes
That my Roman nose knows.

The house was crowded on Tuesday
evening, and my seat being near the back
I found it very difficult to hear what the
characters on the stage were saying.
Three or four hundred of the people pre-
sent must have come away dissatisfied on
this account, as I have done before, and it
could be well for the male members of
the company to speak louder.

The Dreyfus drama, Devil's Island,
played at popular prices, is doing well at
the Toronto Opera House this week. As
it appeared so recently at the Grand it
will be familiar to my readers.

Manager Cummings has on his list for
presentation during the next two months
some of the choicest plays of the modern
stage. Commencing on Monday after-
noon, he will present Mr. A. C. Gunter's
drama in a prologue and three acts, Mr.
Barnes of New York, with an enlarged
and improved cast and elaborate stage
settings and scenery. Everyone who has

read the novel—and who has not?—knows
that the adventures of Mr. Barnes form
one of the most interesting and most
absorbing stories published in the last
quarter of a century. The dramatization
is by Mr. Gunter himself, and will be
given in exact accordance with the
author's text and as presented at the
Grand Opera House three or four years
ago. It will be the first time Mr. Barnes
of New York has been given at the prices
that prevail at the Princess.

Lillian Russell, the re-splendent feature
of the lyric season at the New York
Casino, will be seen and heard at the
Grand Opera House for three nights
commencing Monday, when Offenbach's
mythological burlesque, La Belle Héloise,
will be sung in English by the George W.
Lederer Stock Opera Company. Miss
Russell will be accompanied by Thomas
Q. Seabrooke, and that exquisite Casino
flower, Edna Wallace-Hopper. The cast
also includes Ferris Hartman, the noted
lyric comedian of San Francisco; also the
young English tenor, William E. Philp,
together with the fine basso, J. C. Miron,
and other sterling artists. The opera will
be given with the identical original chorus
and *mise en scene* of the Casino. The
organization numbers nearly one hundred
singers in its membership. There will be
no matinees.

A great theatrical success benefits a
multiplicity of interests. Among them
may be mentioned the playwrights, the
tailors, the dressmakers, the weavers, the
scene painters, the carpenters, the elec-
tricians, the printers and the lithograph-
ers, and the thousand and one other
interests looking to the theater, for the
whole or a considerable part of their
support, as the case may be.

Charles Coghlan's new play, in which
he will reappear in the Fifth Avenue
Theater on April 10, is a story of the
French revolution and the action occurs
some months after the execution of Louis
XVI.

Stuart Robson expects to produce The-
odore Hurl Sayre's new play, Two Rogues
and a Romance, in the spring. Augustus
Thomas also is at work upon a new
comedy for Mr. Robson.

The William T. Terriss who played the
leading juvenile role in The Telephone
Girl here is a son of the late William
Terriss of London, who was assassinated
at the stage door.

Paris actresses wear paper lace, which
by night looks as beautiful and delicate as
the best of real lace, while it costs but a
trifle.

Lillian Russell is said to draw a salary
of \$1,000 per week in La Belle Héloise
with a percentage of the receipts in addi-
tion.

Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima
donna, and W. F. Pendleton, non-profes-
sional, were married lately in Rome, Italy.

An open-air performance of a Greek play
is to form part of Yale's two hundredth
anniversary celebration.

Lady Halle.

THE Toronto debut of Lady Halle, the
world-renowned solo violinist, at
the Massey Hall on Monday night
will be the most interesting if not
the most notable event of the musical
season. For the past twenty-nine years
the name of Lady Halle, or Norman-
Neruda, has been a household word among
lovers of classic music. Lady Halle, nee
Wilma Neruda, was born at Bruenn, and
when scarcely four years old began to
take violin lessons from her father, organ-
ist of the cathedral. In her sixth year
she was sent to Vienna, where she studied
under Jansa, the famous violin virtuoso.
In 1846 she gave three concerts in Vienna,
at the last of which Jenny Lind sang.

In 1861 she married the Swedish con-
ductor and composer, Ludwig Norman,
and went to Stockholm with him. They
separated after a time and Norman died
in 1865. She made an extensive tour as a
virtuosa and appeared always with pro-
nounced success at Copenhagen, Leipzig,
Frankfurt, Cologne, and at Paris in 1868,
where she aroused the enthusiasm of
musicians and the public. Then followed
triumphs in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and
Brussels. In 1880 she settled in London
and since then has been a prominent
figure at all the great concerts. She was
heard at orchestral concerts, in recitals
with Charles Halle, whom she married
in 1888, and in chamber concerts with
Joachim, Patti, Reeves, Zerbini, and her
brother Franz. She also made many
tours in Germany, France and Holland.

In 1895 she went to South Africa and
had many novel adventures. On one
occasion, it is related, one thousand Kafirs
danced their war dances and sang in her
honor.

While Lady Halle is an executant of
wondrous skill, she has preferred to
devote her genius to the illustration of
the acknowledged masterpieces of the
great composers rather than to the ex-
hibition of mere display pieces. She
excels as a quartette player, her purity of
style and artistic insight fitting her ad-
mirably for the duties of leader. But she
is equally great as a soloist. Violinists
will be interested to know that Lady
Halle plays upon the celebrated Stradi-
varius which once belonged to Ernst,
which, if I remember rightly, she obtained
from Mr. Lawrie, the Glasgow collector of
Cremona violins.

A great deal of space could be filled
with the tributes paid during the last
fifty years to this remarkable woman.
Von Bulow, who named her "the violin-
fay," said of her: "The only rival of
Joachim lives in England. It is a woman,
and her name is Wilma Neruda." Viex-
temps, who dedicated to her his Sixth
Concerto, wrote of her to a friend, Decem-
ber 6, 1880: "She is the ideal violinist.
Never have I heard the violin played with
so much soul, passion and purity. She is
at the same time classic and poetic. She
has all the qualities of the great artist."
The latest reviews of her performances—
and they are written by the leading
authorities—show that this remarkable
violinist is still in the full possession of
her powers.

At the annual meeting of the share-
holders of the British America Assurance
Company last week, the sixty-fifth report
showed that though the past year has
been a trying one in many respects, the
company has passed through it satisfac-
torily, and has paid its usual dividend.
The directors feel that this is an especial
cause for congratulation, since there were
an unusual number of marine and fire
losses during the last twelve months, the
company having had losses through the
destruction of New Westminster last Sep-
tember, a particularly heavy fire. The
strong directorate of the company in-
cludes the following well known finan-
ciers: Hon. George A. Cox, president;
J. J. Kenny, vice-president; Hon. S. C.
Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thos. Long, John
Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., H. M. Pellatt, R.
Jaffray, F. A. Myers.



THE YOUNG MAN.

IN this new and busy community the
young man of leisure is almost an
unknown quantity. Here and there
are young men who have unfor-
tunately either no inclination or no
need to work, and who go about like
the French girl sighing "Oh, won't you
come and play wix me!" to the crowd who
are occupied with more or less urgency in
padding each his own canoe. His plaintive
loneliness often drives him into matri-
mony, into drink, or into work, which
last, and often which first refuge proves
his salvation. He is apt to be *blase* with
society, the rich young man, for it shows
to him its least attractive side. The
women who flatter him and the men who
foady to him do so because he is rich and
they are not. Certain others, rich them-
selves, accept him indifferently; he is an
alternate object of spoliation and compas-
sion, is the rich young man. His best
point is his rarity. He is apt to go abroad
for his bride, unless some extra clever and
slightly advanced girl makes up her mind
to annex him. She, too, is often rich, and
they lead a dull and luxurious existence
thenceforward.

The poor young man in society is almost
always a bank clerk, bank clerks being the
only poor young men who can afford to go
to dances three or four times a week and
wear *hombres* in the winter season.
He does not mention his poverty; he keeps
decently mum, and always puts on an air of
debonair bon camaraderie which ill befits
his small cares and overdrawn account.
It takes some heroism to be a bank clerk
in a smart social season, when there are
ball tickets to purchase, and if he allows
himself the luxury of a "special," he wants
candy and five o'clock tea, and roses and
coups d'oeil infinitum. It must be that she
confuses her ideas and allows the notion
of a bank full of notes and gold to en-
velop her hapless swain until he takes
on a money solvency quite inconsistent
with his salary. Should the poor young
man not live within the aura of a financial
institution, but be a worker in one of the
professions with a shingle attached, he
goes less jauntily and less frequently
into his dress suit. The struggling bar-
rister does not appeal to the butterfly
mind of society's belles, nor yet the young doctor
whose time is so largely given to patience
instead of patients. Their meagre gains,
dingy offices and forced gaiety suggest a
state of affairs which no butterfly could
spread her wings over, and though some-
times the butterfly sits tight awaiting the
evolution of a great pleader, or the recog-
nition of a great surgeon, with love in her
heart and matrimony in her mind, 'tis
often a long wait and a tough struggle in
which there is little time or wish for
dance and rout. The poor young man
must be indeed an optimist (or a bank
clerk) if he cuts much figure in society.

The rising young man is an entrancing
problem to chaperones. They see him
getting rich, adding acre to acre of pro-
mising property, stock to stock of solid
investments, budding out with a nag and
a trap, and taking unto himself a patroniz-
ing air and a confident voice. As he
waxes rich the mothers lay cunningly
baited traps for him, the daughters kiss
each other viciously on his account, the
fathers speak of him in tones of mingled
commendation and warning in the pre-
sence of their women folks. A general
"catch-if-you-can" and encouraging voice
papa uses when he mentions the rising
young man to the daughter of his heart.
If the rising young man isn't more than
human he begins to fancy himself a good
deal. He hectors the club waiters and is
genially familiar and slightly patronizing
to the older members. He looks over his
invitations with gravity, untainted by
the slightest gratification; in very ad-

vanced stages of "magnum caput" he
wears softly at the insignificant ones.
When the rising young man takes a
sporting streak he develops a mania for
"form," he becomes an Anglo-maniac
and is difficult to a degree. He affects
the military, if they will allow him, and
amuses their wives, being always game to
set up a dinner, or a picnic, or a drive for
these mighty beings. Sometimes his sport
is his eclipse; he runs horses and goes
broke, or he buys a yacht and gets the
craze so badly that terrestrial society sees
him but seldom; sometimes he marries,
and that always seems to sober him, if he
needs it. He continues to rise and in time
becomes a judge, a consulting surgeon,
a general manager, whatever it may be;
he ceases to interest us in this article.

Of late years several conditions have
changed, and with them the young man
has also changed. There are young men
who rarely go into society now, who ten
years ago would have been glad to kill
spare evenings in that way. Take the
hockey flend; he is very young, but he
has learned to refuse his best and most
blandishing girl's society the nights the
game is on. She may go to the rink and
hang over the gallery rail and catch any
number of pulmonary complaints to be
near him, but he would play just as
happily if she were miles away. The
hockey young man in his skates and the
football young man in his hair are not
bothering much about society.

The occasional young man cuts a great
figure while he lasts; sometimes his ad-
vent and impression are the features of
the social season. He comes from abroad,
a peripatetic Briton with a title, a for-
eigner with curious ideas of women, and a
tendency to use strong perfumery, a vague
person, affecting rough attire and strong
boots, but perfectly at home among the
tea-cups of the five-o'clock. For the
first species the life is fast and furious;
teas, dinners, luncheons, girls and men
fall over each other in his honor; a sort of
mania seizes the silly set; even the more
solid section of society sends out cards to
meet Lord A. or Count B. The occasional
young man is apt to mop his brows and
marvel on the rate the Colonials live at.
Sometimes, in order to ensure a reaction
of proper proportions, he has even been
known to annex the jewels of some enthu-
siastic host, and end his sojourn in our
midst doing time under prison rules.
Much more harmless, if less exciting, is
the visit of the young man from the
Motherland who speaks with a strong
United Empire accent, and often marries
one of our prettiest girls, taking her to
unknown regions of ice and snow on his
career as an agricultural experimentalist
or a mounted policeman.

One more young man is the absent
young man. Perhaps he is more in evi-
dence just now, while he toils and freezes
and writes tales unholly and untrue of the
gold fields and the glaciers to his mother
and his sister and his sweetheart, who
looks at his unobtrusive engagement ring
and finds it distinctly inadequate as a
consoler. By and by he will be back,
battered or successful in his search for for-
tune, and take his place once more as the
poor young man, or marry the sweetheart,
invest his earnings and pay his taxes as a
good citizen. Yes, he is still a possible
strong figure in society is the absent
young man, from whom everything is ex-
pected!
Ko-Ko.

The Society of Authors and
Publishers.

A CANADIAN author met a Cana-
dian publisher and leading
him to one side said unto
him: "How is it that you
publishers ask authors to rush to arms
to win your fight on the copyright
question?"

"Well, you are interested in it, too. It
is also an author's question."
"It is to a certain extent. But the pub-
lisher and the author have been at war
from time immemorial. To-day the presi-
dent of the British Authors' Society is
engaged in a bitter fight with publishers,
alleging that they are but robbers and
thieves they prey upon him and his kind."

"He is wrong."
"Of course you say so—you are a pub-
lisher. Let me relate to you a fable.
Once upon a time a flock of Lambs were
enclosed within a field and they con-
tinually bleated their grief because of
being so Pent up. 'Why can we not roam
at will?' they cried. Some Lions had long
been watching them from the edge of
the Forest, but dared not go near them
for fear of being seen. One night they
ventured near and said: 'It is too bad
that you are in this plight. Help us to
break down this high paling and we will
let you out. Yonder are the green woods
—it is just lovely in the depths of the
Forest, so shady, so cool, and we are so
strong that we can do lots of things for
you.' The Lambs had grown so weary of
the restraints long imposed upon them
that they seized this kind offer and joined
with the Lions, and the paling, shoved
from within and shoved from without,
swayed and fell in one place—sufficient
for the Lions' purpose. The Lambs
tripped into the Forest, and the Lions
never knew Want again."

"Very pretty," said the publisher, "but
I don't see the point."

"Moral," said the author. "If our
authors have not sufficient originality to
originate a Society of Authors they are
not a promising Class, and Lions are
hungrier for Mutton than for fame as
Liberators."

Spirit and Letter.

The Outlook.

Carpet Curate—Why didn't you come to
the Albert Hall and help us last week?
Working Curate—Well, you see, I've my
Working Men's Club to look after, and
the Football Club, and the Young Men's
Institute; and then my people expect me
to go and look them up when they're ill,
and I've to persuade some of them to keep
sober, and others not to knock their wives
about, and—
Carpet Curate—Of course, of course.

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE, TENOR,
Who Sings at the Lady Halle Concert on Monday.MISS GERTRUDE STEIN, CONTRALTO,
Who Sings at the Lady Halle Concert on Monday.

Hunting for a Place.

LAST week we needed a new caretaker and night watchman, and an advertisement was put in the *Telegram* and applicants were told to call on Thursday between three and four o'clock. All morning the telephone bells rang. Professors in colleges, Members of Parliament, wholesale merchants, managers of companies, and private individuals of all sorts rang up to recommend some special man. As the job is only worth a little over four hundred dollars a year it was astonishing to find so many people eager for it and yet accustomed to gathering every possible influence to bear in order to get a place.

Letters of all sorts were written, many of them pitiful in the extreme, the applicants begging to be heard first, inasmuch as they had been out of employment for months and had always failed to get anything that was offering. One poor fellow made vows that he would work his fingers to the bone if he could only be given a trial, as he had not had a month's work in a year. Others sending copies of exceedingly good testimonials declared their willingness to accept any wage offered so long as they got a chance. Such letters as these are hard to read, for men must be eager to work or they would not beg for a place where the toll is from six in the afternoon till six in the morning without any company whatever, and they become responsible for the safety of eight floors. Other caretakers have had their arms blistered in using the hose to prevent the spread of adjacent fires, and altogether the job is one which has nothing to commend it except that it is within doors and steady.

An hour before the time advertised the applicants lined up in the main hall and in the business office. As an experience I undertook the job of selecting a man and found it very interesting, but so saddening that I rarely ventured a direct refusal, satisfying the man by taking his name, nationality, age, previous business and address, and promising to let him know if he were selected. Altogether there must have been sixty or seventy applicants, the majority of them conspicuously unsuited for the job, being uncouth and none too clean in their personal appearance.

Yet when some of these men presented their case it made one wish that there were a job for each of them. As a large boiler had to be attended to and experience in that regard was advertised as necessary, nearly all of them claimed to have been machine firemen, stationary engineers, acquainted with running an engine for a threshing-machine, or in some other indirect way to have knowledge of the management of so dangerous an apparatus as a big boiler.

"I've got ten children, sir, and I haven't had work for six months. I was fireman, sir, two seasons on a tug."

"Were you ever caretaker?"
"No, sir; but I've helped the wife with the housework when she was sewing and I couldn't get work." Leaning over the counter—"I'll take your own price, sir."

I told him I would let him know if he was selected.

"John Jones," replied one man when asked his name.

"Nationality?" I inquired.

"Henglish church, thank God, sir."

"I don't want to know your religion; where were you born?"

"Hin dear hold Kent, sir, hin Hengland."

"What is your business?"

"Servant, sir, to noble families. 'Ave been always in the nobility, sir, till I came to this country."

"What is your age?"

"I'll tell you the truth, sir, as many of these won't. I'm fifty-six, sir." (He was seventy if he was a day.)

"What is your name?"

"Peter Dymon."

"Nationality?" I asked.

He leaned over the counter and said, "The same as your own, sir, R. C."

I told him I had no wish to know the religion of any applicant.

"Then why did you ask it, sir?" There was a general titter amongst the crowd of applicants, and a big fellow nudged him and said, "He was asking where you were born."

"Oh, is that it, sir?" he said. "Sligo, sir."

"What business?"

"I'm glad to be able to say so, sir, but I'm handy at anything, sir. 'Twas farm work I had in the Old Country, sir, but since I've been in Canada I've been helping on the wharves, and last year I had a job shovelling coal for an engine, and for a week when the engineer was sick I ran the engine, sir, and I'm quite competent, sir, to take charge of a boiler, sir."

A great big, greasy-looking fellow stood next. For an example of careless attire and thorough unadaptability he could not have been surpassed. In a half-whisper I suggested that he need not wait.

"Why?" he demanded with considerable acerbity.

"You are not suitable for the place," I added, though trying to avoid attracting attention to my remarks.

"Why?" he demanded, still more warmly.

"A man who is as untidy in his personal appearance as you are could not be expected to keep a building clean."

He started out and turned back, got outside the first door and turned again as if he would like to make a few personal remarks, but the applicants jostled him away, and I have no doubt he disappeared with some very angry words unuttered.

"Malcolm McKillop," he replied.

"Scotch; sixty-one."

"Have you ever taken care of a building?" I inquired.

He looked at me kindly for a moment and said, "No, boy, but I knew you when you were a little bit of a fellow." He told me where he came from and I remembered him well as one of a family of wealthy farmers.

"I have never 'touched, tasted nor

handled.' I am handy as a carpenter, a painter, understand boilers and machinery, and though my beard is gray I can do anything that any other man can. I ought to be able to do the work that you have to do, and I will make a faithful effort if you will give me the place."

"But you would not know anything about scrubbing, Mr. McKillop, and in taking care of an office building it is one of the chief requirements."

"Oh yes, I know something about scrubbing. Ever since my wife died—you knew the family—I have had to scrub the house and take care of the children."

I told him how sorry I would be if I had to pass him over, but I wanted an experienced man, and with the proud glance of a Highlandman he walked out.

"How much is there in it?" a half a dozen men asked, thoroughly careless as to what they could do.

"Nothing," I replied, and passed on.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. The butchers, bakers, valets, coachmen, life insurance agents, and men who had once occupied good positions made me feel before I was through that while we hear and see so much of the successful men in business, the failures only come to the surface when something is to be had which at least will ensure bread and butter. The saddest of all is the fact that these fellows as a rule are the men who could be least relied upon when engaged in even a menial capacity. A man who has all his life been a caretaker, particularly the man who has been at sea and has been taught to scrub decks and to keep the paint glistening, is the best one to entrust with a job where cleanliness and discipline and hard work without the eye of a master are most necessary.

Nationality has considerable to do with this sort of task. For smooth talk when applying for a job, a Cockney Englishman or an Irishman can far outtalk anybody else. The class of Englishmen and Irishmen, however, who are looking for such positions are apt to be eye servants. I would rather have a Scotchman who is somewhat crusty on his approach but who will work his full time and do his full allowance of grumbling under all circumstances.

An odd feature of the whole affair, however, was that over ninety per cent. of the applicants were Englishmen, absolutely out of work, while the Scotchmen had either recently lost their job through some unforeseen circumstance or were already doing something but wanted to better themselves. Of course it is not safe to generalize on nationalities, but it is an unfortunate fact that the wage-earning Englishman in Canada is the most helpless of his class and the hardest to please if you give him a position. Don.

Bernhardt and Sardou.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT gave an interesting account, published in a London paper, of M. Sardou's manner of conducting a rehearsal.

He gives his attention in the first place to the minor roles (she says). As the work advances he proceeds on larger, more general lines, until it seems as if the stage is too small, and one pines for more space in which to allow the action of the piece to develop unhampered by material limitations.

It is said that M. Sardou is very masterful when conducting rehearsals. I have found him, on the contrary, most conciliatory, and ever ready to adopt the suggestions of others when they deserve to be taken into consideration. He regards even the stage carpenter, the scene-shifter, and the fireman as part of the public, and is careful to note and to take hints from their impressions. In this respect he adheres to the practice of Alexandre Dumas.

Like Dumas, too, he is not over-sensitive as to the fate of his prose, and never hesitates to cut his text when necessary. Nothing escapes his notice. He pays attention to even the pettiest details. He tries the chairs, sees that the doors open and shut readily, chooses the dress material and the upholstery, studies the perspective from the auditorium, and mounts to the upper galleries so as to assure himself that the public in the cheap seats can see and hear everything. He lives all the roles, and at every rehearsal acts the entire play right through three or four times over.

He is very sensitive to cold, and always makes his appearance muffled up in furs and a comforter. He hands his coat to an attendant, complains at once of the draughts, puts his coat on again, and again disposes with it. About three o'clock he takes some slight refreshment, usually a glass of port and cakes, which he shares with his actors and actresses. While thus engaged he invariably relates a string of anecdotes, of which he has an inexhaustible fund, bearing for the most part, of course, on the theater, but very often, too, on Spiritualism—a subject in which he is deeply interested.

One of R. L. Stevenson's Letters.
17 Heriot row, Edinburgh.
Sunday [Spring, 1875, after visit to London].

HERE is my long story. Yesterday night, after having supped, I grew so restless that I was obliged to go out in search of some excitement.

There was a half-moon lying over on its back and incredibly bright in the midst of a faint gray sky set with faint stars; a very inartistic moon, that would have damned a picture. At the most populous

place of the city I found a little boy, three years old, perhaps, half frantic with terror, and crying to everyone for his "Mammy." This was about eleven, mark you. People stopped and spoke to him and then went on, leaving him more frightened than before. But I and a good-humored mechanic came up together; and I instantly developed a latent faculty for setting the hearts of children at rest. Master Tommy Murphy (such was his name) soon stopped crying, and allowed me to take him up and carry him; and the mechanic and I trudged along Princes street to find his parents. I was soon so tired that I had to ask the mechanic to carry the bairn; and you should have seen the puzzled contempt with which he looked at me for knocking in so soon. He was a good fellow, however, although very impracticable and sentimental; and he soon bethought him that Master Murphy might catch cold after his excitement, so he wrapped him up in my greatcoat. . . . The sergeant was very nice, and I got Tommy comfortably seated on a bench, and spirited him up with good words and the scene with the currants in it; and then, telling him I was just going out to look for Mammy, I got my greatcoat and slipped away. Poor little boy! he was not called for, I learn, until ten this morning.

To a Discouraged Artist.

This life here is all incomplete—we see but an arc of the ring.
Some day you will paint me great pictures, some day you'll be able to sing
Songs that "will shame Petrarch's," or carve from the hard, white stone
The clean, soft curves of a Venus fair as Praxiteles' own.

Why?

Because, friend, our own dumb bosoms feel
Always at home with the best;
As the best rises, we rise with it—like bubbles
That climb the wave's crest:

We sit with the greatest as equals—we cut
Of the high priest's food:
No temple so glorious, so holy, we are conscious
That we intrude!

Think you such heavenward impulse will not
Work its ultimate will!
This life's but the upward slope—the next, or
The next, is the hill!
The hill from which Raphael and Shakespeare
looked out with calm sweep o'er the plain,
The hill they have left for a higher, and the
one it is yours yet to gain.

JAMES A. TUCKER.
OW. N. Sound, Feb. 29.

The Origin of Lent.

Customs and Church Duties of the Sunday of the Year.

AFAST occurring before the festival of Easter has been observed from the earliest days of Christianity, and, like many other Christian rites and customs, it is probably of Jewish origin.

The Jews fasted for forty days before the annual sin-offering, or expiation for the sins of the nation, and Lent—the name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *lencen*, signifying spring—is observed for forty days before the anniversary of the death of Christ in expiation for the sins of the whole world.

The duration of the fast, however, differed in various localities and times down to the end of the sixth century. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, wrote to Victor, Bishop of Rome, in the second century: "The difference of opinion is not about the day alone, but the manner of fasting, for some think they are to fast one day, some two, some forty; some fast forty hours of the day and night." The original fast seems to have been appointed for the forty hours between the crucifixion and the resurrection.

Tertullian, writing early in the third century of the Christian era, speaks of this forty hours' fast. A few years later Origen speaks of forty days' fast before Easter as corresponding to the forty days' temptation in the wilderness. And at the Council of Nicea, A.D. 325, this period is spoken of as if generally in use. The number forty was very anciently associated with seasons of fasting and humiliation in the history of the Jews. There were, for instance, the forty days of the deluge; the forty years' wandering of the children of Israel; Moses fasted forty days in the Mount, and so did Elijah in the wilderness; the Ninevites were allowed forty days for repentance, and the Saviour chose to observe the same number of days in His fast before the temptation in the wilderness.

Gregory the Great introduced the present mode of observance in the sixth century. He excluded Sundays from the number of fasting days, and began the fast on the Wednesday before the first Sunday in Lent, to complete the forty days. This first day of Lent was called Ash Wednesday, either because in the Eastern churches penitents appeared on that day in sackcloth garments with ashes on their heads, after the habit of mourners in those countries, or, as seems more probable, because it was the custom for the priests on that day to sprinkle ashes before the congregation with the words, "Remember that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return."

The day before Ash Wednesday was called Shrove Tuesday, as on that day it was customary for the people to confess and be forgiven or absolved from their sins before entering on the season of Lent. In Roman Catholic countries the days preceding Lent are called the Carnival, or farewell to meat, and are celebrated with games and feasting.

The fourth Sunday in Lent has been called Refreshment Sunday, owing no doubt to the fact that the portion of the gospel appointed for that day relates the feeding of the 5,000 by a miracle. In the Roman Catholic church more festivity is permitted than on any other day in Lent. In France it is called Mi-Careme, and specially celebrated. In Rome the "golden rose" is blessed on this day by the Pope, and presented to some distinguished person considered to have done good service to the church during the preceding year. This ceremony is accompanied by festive observances, which dis-



M. FELIX FAURE, THE LATE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.
Died Suddenly in Paris, February 10.

tinguish this day from all others of the season.

St. Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed" Bishop of Constantinople in the fourth century, speaks of great strictness in fasting in his day: "Some rival each other in fasting, rejecting wine and oil and indeed every dish, taking only bread and water during the whole of Lent." He also exhorts men to purify themselves during Lent by "prayer, alms-deeds, fasting, watching and confession of sins."

No marriages were allowed during the forty days, and festivals were transferred to Sundays. Public shows and amusements were forbidden, and all people were enjoined to engage in works of charity and self-denial.

The Roman and Greek churches give rules to their members regarding abstinence during Lent. The English Church has no express ruling on the subject, but urges the duty and the example of the primitive Christians, leaving the details to individual conscience.

Modern life and customs have so altered that it would be impossible to follow the ancient rule, but these changes have vastly increased opportunities for self-denial and sacrifice of pleasure. As George Herbert wrote:

"Starve thy sin,
And not thy bin,
And that's to keep thy Lent."

In the rural districts of England pancakes are always eaten on Shrove Tuesday and hot-cross buns on Good Friday. A "gammon of bacon" is served at Easter to show contempt for Judaism. The Gypsies are said to dine on baked calves' heads on Easter Day. Mr. Samuel Pepys speaks of a Lenten supper at which was served a dish of red herrings with a corn salad.

Lent may be called the Sunday of the year, and the observance of the season with more or less strictness is yearly increasing among all Christian people.

Society pauses in its eager pursuit of pleasure. The great middle class of people turn from their busy vocations to meditate on the life which is to come.

To quote George Herbert again:
"Sum up at night what thou hast done by day:
And in the morning what thou hast to do,
Dress and undress thy soul. If with thy watch,
That too be down, then wind both up.
Since we shall be most surely judged
Make thy accounts agree."

Two Women and Tess.

THE Wise Woman and the Frivolous Girl were sitting in front of me at a matinee performance of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. The Frivolous Girl shivered, because she was too hard-hearted to sympathize with the fate of the heroine.

"You'd think she would do something besides take all the hard luck Fate showers on her. She might at least get mad and say things."

"My dear child," the Wise Woman said, "you have wrong ideas of morality. You will find that sin hampers people in their course through life so that swift-footed Nemesis overtakes them as easily as—"

"A policeman overtakes a bike on the sidewalk. Of course, there would be no fun in sinning, if people didn't calculate to get ahead of Nemesis, and if there was no fun in sinning, nobody would sin and the lawyers would all have to study medicine or go to business college."

The Wise Woman looked sorrowfully at the Frivolous Girl.

"Where does the fun come in, in sinning? Tell me that."

"You don't suppose people transgress from a sense of duty, do you?" asked the other.

"Look at Tess—was there any joy for her in sinning?"

"Life wasn't worth anything to her before she met Angel Clare, so she thought it wouldn't matter if she was a little more wretched, if it was going to make other people a good deal happier. The trouble was that she went back on her bargain and wanted to be happy herself, which shows the inadvisability of selfishness in the first place, and the improbability of

disentangling such a knot as her life got into, in the second. This is a tragedy, not a sermon, you know. I hate sermons, because preachers always have a sort of second-hand sentiment that they inflict on people."

"Wrong is wrong, and it will be punished," said the Wise Woman. "Wrong doing will entangle your life; mistakes are rarely rectified in time. Tragedy creeps into every heart, trailing its long iron-gray garments over the soul, barring the entrance to joy and mirth—"

"It strikes me that you are mistaking an absent sense of humor for tragedy," suggested the Frivolous Girl.

"You will think differently some day. You are only a silly, inexperienced little girl yet. When 'memories, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing—'"

"By the way, are there any ghostly daughters of Melpomene traipsing over the fair expanse of your soul just at present? If not, have some candy. I want to get dyspepsia so that I can talk in such rhetorical rhythm as you do—about lives that fail to connect at the right stations and the futility of trying to enjoy being good after being bad. I am not wise—I have not been married three times, like you have, but the gloom attendant on indigestion will serve me just as well in appearing so."

The Crusade Against Consumption.

EVEN five years ago when Mr. W. J. Gage of Toronto offered to contribute a handsome sum towards the creation of a sanatorium for consumptives, there was no general feeling that anything worth while could be accomplished in the way of curing those tainted with the disease, nor was the necessity for isolating patients understood by more than the few. Mr. Massey and other men of wealth joined with Mr. Gage and the result is a splendid sanatorium at Gravenhurst, where results that are very gratifying have already been achieved, and where the white plague is being studied along systematic lines. The whole world has aroused itself too. In Great Britain similar institutions have been established. In Berlin during the coming summer there will be held a great international convention, attended by many of the leading medical men and humanitarians of Europe, to devise means of combating consumption. The insidious disease has at last been recognized as the deadliest enemy in the shape of a contagious disease that the white race has to deal with.

In Ontario for the month of November last there were 284 deaths from contagious diseases, and of these no less than 146 were from consumption—more than half. In a year in Great Britain there are 70,000 deaths from consumption, and, as an English paper points out, the saving of these lives would be a tremendous addition to the assets and resources of any nation. It may be that those who die early of consumption are physically inadequate and, though built up by wise treatment, would die later on because of some other bodily impairment, but the difference between death at twenty-five or thirty and death at fifty is the difference of a generation and permits of the accomplishment of one's life-work. Some of the world's greatest have been victims of tuberculosis, among those named in this connection being: Chatterton, Keats, Shelley, Hood and Robert Louis Stevenson. If some of these could have been preserved for ten or twenty years what might they not have added to their work? Of the countless thousands who have gone down unmarked, carrying their possibilities with them, who can begin to estimate the loss they have been to the human race?

The statement has been made that it was consumption that built up South Africa into what it is to-day. Cecil Rhodes and several of his ablest lieutenants went out to the Cape in order to throw off the fell disease that had put its clutch upon them. But very few items

can be entered in the ledger in favor of the white plague.

The great preventive of consumption is sunshine; the great remedies are sunshine and diet. In an article in *Chambers' Journal* on this subject the following information is given:

What is known of the "open-air treatment of consumption" has hitherto given the best results both in curing the disease and in prolonging life where complete recovery was impossible; and this method may be summed up in the words, "rest, abundant food, and a life in the open air." At some sanatoria the patient is merely encouraged to eat as much as he can manage; at others it is one of the rules of the institution that he eat double what he feels inclined to. The excellent results of overfeeding appear the more extraordinary when we consider the feeble digestion of the majority of cases of phthisis. At Nordach the maximum amount of food is not administered until after the lapse of the first few days. Then the doctor takes up a convenient position at each meal, and watches that the following liberal menus are partaken of: Breakfast—Half-litre of milk, coffee and rolls, eggs and meat, as the patient likes. This is the only meal at which one can suit one's inclinations. Dinner at 1.15—Half-litre of milk. First course, about half-pound of beef or fish; second course, about half-pound of veal, mutton, or poultry; as much vegetables as can be crowded into two platefuls; half-pound bread, half-pound pudding, rice, batter, custard, or ice-cream. Supper at 7—Same quantity as dinner, without pudding, and the courses are as varied as possible. These two meals have to be taken under the eye of the doctor, and no servant is allowed to remove a plate until quite empty. Alcohol is allowed (as beer or wine). A half-litre of milk is nearly a pint.

The annual report of the Gravenhurst Sanatorium has just been issued, and men and women throughout the province who have an interest in combating the white plague should write to the superintendent of that institution for a copy of the report. They will find the work a worthy one—a work that should appeal to those who have money to donate or to bequeath for the benefit of mankind.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's Intentions.

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI is expected to return to England about Easter, after an absence of eighteen months, and will play cricket with Sussex this summer. It is announced that during the season he will select a team of amateur players to go on a tour of India next winter. While he is touring India the Prince will help to select the eleven Indian players who are to visit England in 1900 under his captaincy. This Indian team will certainly prove highly popular in England next season. A cricket tour of India, on the other hand, is not altogether a novelty, as teams under the direction of Mr. G. F. Vernon and Lord Hawke have previously visited India, the first in 1889-90, when ten matches were won, two drawn and one lost, and the other three years later, when Lord Harris was Governor of Bombay. Fifteen games were on that occasion won against a couple of defeats and six drawn games. Since then the standard of cricket in India has been raised.

Genesis and Geology.

REV. F. L. HIGGINS began a course of lectures last Sunday evening on Genesis and Geology at the New Jerusalem church on Elm street, Toronto. This first lecture was in the nature of a scientific introduction to those to follow, which will, promised the speaker, show that the account of the six days of creation is a parable treating in symbolic language of the regeneration of man, for the Scriptures have a spiritual significance.

"The Genesis account," said he, "is admitted by all scientific Bible students to be scientifically incorrect, in its statement of the time when the sun was created—the fourth day. But the events are given in exactly such an order as would have appeared to a man observing them from the surface of the earth itself. We know the sun was created before the earth was formed, instead of on the fourth day. But it could not have been seen by the observer on the surface of the earth until the fourth period, because of the carbonic acid gas, impervious to sunlight, which was absorbed by the vegetation of the third period. Hence as the account only describes the events as they would have appeared to a man observing them from the earth itself, it becomes evident that its purpose is not to treat of the creation of the material universe as such alone, but of the spiritual formation or regeneration of man. And when viewed in this light it will be seen that the six creative days correspond exactly to the six stages of man's regeneration."

He Could Do It.

Half a dozen lawyers sat solemnly and silently looking at their watches in Judge Daininger's department of the Superior Court, says the *San Francisco Examiner*. Allen Templeton, a witness of the death of May Quill, killed by the Berkeley train, had testified that the train stopped at Dwight for one minute.

Attorney Sullivan, on cross-examination, asked him to estimate the time of a minute. Then the lawyers pulled out their watches and timed him. On his first effort he made it just thirty-two seconds. They tried him again, and he made it in sixty seconds to a tick. The witness was looking straight at the clock behind the learned attorneys.

Completely Saved Off.

Chicago Tribune.
"I'd like to know," said the delinquent boarder, "why I don't get any of that planked shad."
"Perhaps," suggested the pert waitress, "it is because you haven't settled for the board."
And he sat there like a wooden man.

Colonel Bludgood—So you got a bath-day present of a five-dollar knife, huh? One of those Birmingham knives, with sixteen blades and a corkscrew, I presume, huh? Colonel Bludgood—No, huh; a plain, ole-fashioned knife, with sixteen corkscrews and one blade, huh.—*Judge*.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
 Trave, March 1; Kaiser Wm. der Grosse,
 March 11; Lahn, March 21; Kaiser Friedrich,
 March 23; Trave, April 4; Kaiser Wm. der
 Grosse, April 11; Lahn, April 18; Kaiser Fried-
 rich, April 25.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest
 ship in the world.
 First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$45.75 to
 \$60.

New York-Bremen

Weimar, Mar. 2; Darmstadt, Mar. 16
 Oldenburg, Mar. 9; Bremen, Mar. 23

MEDITERRANEAN

HAMBURG AM. CO. Y

Lv. New York.	Ar. Gib- ralter.	Naples	Genoa.
St. Louis, Mar. 1	Mar. 12	Mar. 15	Mar. 18
Kaiser Wm. II, Mar. 1	Mar. 12	Mar. 15	Mar. 18
St. Louis, Mar. 1	Mar. 12	Mar. 15	Mar. 18
Kaiser Wm. II, Mar. 1	Mar. 12	Mar. 15	Mar. 18
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Anecdotal.

In the course of a conjugal tiff, the wife gave her husband a slap in the face. Instead of flying into a passion, the husband, very composedly, took up his hat, but before going away, said: "Madam, six years ago, when I solicited of your parents your hand, I little suspected the use you would make of it."

Admiral Schley is very proud of the full-dress uniform which he wears on ceremonial occasions. At a reception in Washington the other night a lady asked him if it were a new one. "No, indeed!" he exclaimed; "I have worn this uniform for the past twenty years. It has been baptized several times."

Just after his return to Washington from spending Christmas in his Iowa home, Congressman Hepburn was asked by Clerk McDowell, who looks after the mileage of Congressmen, "How far is it to your home, Mr. Hepburn?" The Iowa man reflected for a moment and then said: "Five hundred and thirteen dollars' mileage."

A pew-opener in England greatly astonished a group of women who were constructing evergreen mottoes and wreaths for Christmas by announcing that she had found "a stray hen a-laying in the pulpit." Their excitement was calmed when she produced a large green "N" which had "strayed" from some text or legend.

At Windsor Castle, on one occasion, the Guards' Band was playing out on the terrace during dejeuner, and the Queen was so much struck by one pretty march tune that she desired one of the Maids of Honor to go and ascertain what it was called. The classic features of that high-born damsel were suffused with blushes as she returned and made answer: "Come where the Boogie is Cheaper, Your Majesty!"

Mr. C. F. Gill, who has just been made a Queen's Counsel, has the happiest assurance, probably, of any practitioner. While defending a prisoner charged with fraud, some time ago, at the Central Criminal Court, he raised topics which drew from the judge the request that he would "let bygones be bygones." The prisoner was eventually convicted, and a long list of previous convictions was read out against the man. "What have you to say to this, Mr. Gill?" asked

A Visiting List

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"The Bookshop,"

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His Lordship. "I can only suggest," said the learned junior promptly, "that Your Lordship should let bygones be bygones."

Voltaire had once taken a box at the opera and was installed in it with some ladies, when the Duke of Lauzun, one of the worst libertines in the time of Louis the Fifteenth, arrived and asked for a box. He was respectfully informed that all the boxes were taken. "That may be," he said, "but I see Voltaire in one; turn him out." In those times such things could happen, and Voltaire was turned out. He brought an action against the Duke to recover the price of the box. "What?" exclaimed the advocate for the Duke, "is it M. de Voltaire who dares to plead against the Duke of Lauzun, whose great-grandfather was the first to get on the walls of La Rochelle against the Protestants, whose grandfather took twelve cannons from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, who—" "Oh, but excuse me," interrupted Voltaire, "I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who was first on the walls at La Rochelle, nor against the Duke who captured twelve cannons from the Dutch at Utrecht, nor against the Duke who captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy; I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who never captured anything in his life but my box at the opera."

Is Theft Not the Proper Word?

Two Women and Their Desserts.

FOR some time past quiet rumormongers have been floating about town that someone who "goes out" a good deal must have defective ideas of the rights of property holders, and over generous notions of the duty one owes to oneself; not "if one does not see what one wants to ask for it," but, rather, if one does see the desired article, to take it. A man correspondent has written some frank statements as to the losses more or less patiently endured by society women, who have found themselves minus purses, card-cases, and small articles of fur-wear; in one notorious instance a sealskin sacque was taken and an inferior jacket left to the indignant victim. At a recent wedding three small but valuable presents were abstracted by some one or more of the persons who crowded the room in which they were displayed. At a recent tea a valuable silver-mounted umbrella, specially given in charge to a servant, was claimed by a lady (?) who left a half-worn one in its place. At a ball, a woman helped herself in the confusion of the ladies' dressing-room, to a handsome pair of furlined carriage boots which she was seen to take from a package of wraps by persons who never suspected she did not previously own them. Other cities have had their scandals a la kleptomaniac, and it looks a good deal as if Toronto has her turn this winter!

One sees queer things of this nature. Once I stood in a recess with a woman friend, watching later arrivals make their bows to the hostess of a big reception. A woman in a black gown came in, and from the pocket of her skirt protruded an inch or so of lace handkerchief. My companion said to me these few words: "Please watch me closely," and followed the woman in the black gown, took hold of the lace, and drew from her pocket a very handsome handkerchief. "I don't think that's very nice of you!" I exclaimed, when she rejoined me, with her eyes strangely brilliant. "Oh, don't you, indeed? Well, do you see this handkerchief?" and she spread it out on her sleeve. "Do you see my name in that corner? Very well, my dear. Three weeks ago I had a large dinner party. I laid that handkerchief in my top drawer, intending to take it with me down stairs. I forgot it, and after everyone was gone, and I was putting away my jewels, I looked for that handkerchief to fold away, too, and it was gone. I have never seen it until this afternoon, but there isn't another like it in Toronto that I know of, and I saw it just now, sticking out of the pocket of a woman who dined at my house that night!" I asked feebly: "What shall you do?" "Nothing!" She won't get another chance, but I just wanted you to see me take it from her!"

We have never spoken of it again. I have never mentioned the name of either party, but sometimes the imbecility of the kleptomaniac strikes me as forcibly as it did that afternoon. A remarkable handkerchief, with a name as plain as day on it, was certainly a frantic thing to annex in such a fashion. And I've been fain to wonder what she thought when she missed it from her pocket—what she thinks if she ever sees its rightful owner sporting it at a dinner or ball? There is a great cruelty in such thefts which perhaps the fashionable sinner does not consider. There is many a good, honest maid quietly dismissed when such thefts occur; many an upright servant suspected and mistrusted. And it is a mighty uncomfortable thing to receive letters from trustworthy citizens detailing their losses, and suggesting the writing of this unpleasant paragraph, that the kleptomaniac may take my warning and, haply, his or her departure as well.

Last week we had the second opportunity to see the dramatization of a much-talked-of novel, and to draw our



Boarding-school Girl—How entrancing it is to walk through the woods in this beautiful autumn weather! To hear the mysterious whispering of the trees! If I could understand the beautiful language of that venerable oak tree, I wonder what it would say!
 Hard-hearted Scientist—My dear young lady, it would say, "I beg your pardon, but I am a beech tree."
 —Fliegende Blätter.

At The Marriage Bureau.

TRULY the progress of science is a wonderful thing, and its latest application is the introduction of the cinematograph into the matrimonial agency business. Hitherto, the ordinary photo has been the only means at the command of the suitor for judging of the charms of his prospective fair one, and photos, as everyone knows, are in certain cases apt to be misleading. Moreover, the photo is only a "still life" picture, and gives no clue to the life and habits of the original. But the cinematograph has changed all that, and now Celebs in search of a wife steps down to the office of the marriage-monger, and selects the photo which strikes him as most attractive.

"Let me see this one," he says to the manager.
 "Certainly, sir, certainly," is the brisk reply. "John, trot out No. 15,007."

The visitor is then shown into a darkened room, and in a few minutes a ball room scene is depicted on the screen, in which No. 15,007 is to be observed gracefully disposing herself in the mazes of the giddy waltz.

A brief interval of darkness ensues, after which he sees the same elegant damsel displaying the exquisite curves of her undulating figure at a fashionable skating rink. In rapid succession he sees this beautiful syren driving off from the tee on a well-known golf links, bicycling along a country road in a bewitching tailor-made costume, and finally taking a graceful header into the ladies' swimming bath in a daintily chic bathing suit which was evidently designed in Paris with a view to being worn at Trouville.

"Is that all?" enquired Celebs, a little anxiously.
 "Yes, sir. That finishes No. 15,007," replies the manager, briskly.

"I am afraid she is just a little too fond of amusements to suit me," says the candidate, doubtfully. "Of course, I have not had much experience, but isn't that kind of wife rather expensive?"
 "Well, of course, sir, if you put it that way, we have had occasional complaints of the kind from clients who have married sporting young ladies. But there are plenty more on our list." Then, turning to the attendant, he remarks, "John, just trot out No. 805 on the 'Domestic Virtues' list."

Once more Celebs fixes his eyes upon the screen, and sees a plain but interesting-looking girl dexterously and rapidly sewing a button on to the neck-band of a shirt, while beside her on the table is a pile of neatly-darned socks.

The next scene shows her with her sleeves rolled up making the pastry.

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It's not in the leather. It is in the quality of the polish.

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All colors, Brown, Tan, Russet, Ox Blood and Box Calif.

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 L. H. PACKARD & CO.

There's a trim little house at the bend of the street,
 Where the lace at the windows is snowy and sweet;
 And it's thither I wend, to that magnet-like door,
 When the silvery chimes in St. Mary's ring four;
 For four is the hour that sounds gay as a song
 When Selvia nours the Monsoon India-Ceylon.

MONSOON

INDU-CEYLON TEA

with the cook in the background attending to the saucepans on the fire. Again, she is seen in a fetching nurse's uniform tending the sick in the ward of a large hospital; while the last set of pictures depicts her arguing with the green grocer, and finally going off with her purchases, having evidently got the best of the bargain.

"I think," said Celebs, decidedly, "that this lady will suit me down to the ground."

"Very good, sir. Delighted, I am sure, to be able to accommodate you," says the obliging manager, handing him a card, fixing the day and hour at which he may call to have a personal interview with No. 905.

The New Woman.

Here is a genuine surprise! The Speaker of the Colorado Legislature stepped down from his chair one day, within a fortnight, and gave his place to a woman. She was Mrs. Frances S. Lee, representative from Arapahoe county on the Populist ticket. Newspaper reports say that during occupancy of the chair she kept the house in order. Most of the embarrassment, it is added, was felt by the masculine members, at a loss for the proper manner of address, when referring to her. "Madame Speaker," was the form which was finally adopted, although Mrs. Speaker and Mrs. President, and even Mr. President, were heard.

A New Idea.

At an informal dance given in New York last week a pleasant diversion was secured by the way in which the guests were marshalled for supper. Paper hearts torn apart in two irregular pieces were distributed, and then matched by the company. On each paper was written a name which gave a clue to the missing part. Pyramus looked for Thisbe; Gavin Dishart sought Lady Babbie; the Princess Flavia found her Renssedy; Faust met Marguerite, and so on. A short valentine cotillion followed supper, at which the favors were, among other things, heart-shaped boxes filled with sweets for the girls, and bright, gay ribbons tied in lovers' knots for the ribbons tied in true lovers' knots for the men.

"Some man," said Uncle Eben, "is so busy blowin' dah own horns dat they can't hear de factory whistle coaxin' 'em to come to work."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. 3. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 4. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address Co. correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Francisca.—A concise, snappy and concentrated nature, high-strung, a bit cranky, tenacious and very bright in perception; discretion, almost amounting to caution, and a refined and fastidious taste are shown. I cannot quite get your nom de plume; it is blotted.

Maldee.—Neither of them is very good. The Lady of Quality would probably have pleased you the better, but I think it rather advanced for the consideration of a very young girl. Your writing is decisive and rather snappy, practical, firm will and many signs of youth and independence.

Tell Me.—Afraid of the sound of your own voice? What a nice thing, if that were catching! I quite understand what you mean by watching to see how you take you. But I should drop it if I were you. It gives you a morbid touch. You are self-reliant, decided, inclined to pessimism, practical, reasonably discreet and with very good energy and careful method. There doesn't seem to be much wrong with you.

Cher Ami.—Thanks for prompt reply. It came almost immediately. Should also enjoy the deck-chairs and the steamer; but what's the use of tantalizing oneself? It will never happen; death is surer and safer. I am thinking; will let you know presently how things go.

J. H. B.—I. Yes, I think your stamps are very pretty, but when you wrote you had not yet received our new issue, which I must say I admire more than any with a head on. 2. You were born under the zodiac sign Capricorn the goat, and you are apt to be independent and resent interference. You should be of a mercurial temperament, and very jolly or very miserable. You should also desire intellectual growth and be glad of information. Appearances go a long way with Capricorn people, and the fitness of things is an important matter. You should be practical and kind, fond of appreciation and a little prone to put on superior airs. No room for more.

Inquiring.—I have done as you requested and mailed enclosure.

Carissima.—This is the writing of a practical, careful and rather optimistic person; it shows little culture but some natural ability, an honest but crude method, some humor, taste and liking for harmony and beauty, considerable sympathy, but not much susceptibility, are shown.

My Dear.—I. You did not give me any

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nom de plume, and as you are a young lady of Toronto, it might not be agreeable to you if I used your name, so I write to you in the cozy way you addressed me, and hope it will catch your eye. 2. Your writing shows force, tenacity, good temper, a firm purpose, conservative opinions, impulsive feeling, caution in bestowing confidence and a disposition not to succumb to influence. In some ways you are crude, and I think you are not very experienced.

Trust.—A brightly perceptive, determined person, a bit of an idealist, and more intuitive than logical. You are very honest, truthful, straightforward and level-headed.

Thelma.—This study is original and has fine points, but the lack of culture is very marked; writer strives after effect rather than tries for perfect work; ambition and self-confidence are strong, all through; writer does not just lightly nor consider carelessly; strong caution is a marked trait; good sequence of ideas and some aptness are shown; mannerisms probably spoil you.

John.—Have you any influence over others? Well, how would you like to practice on yourself? You are very unformed character, generous and good-hearted, but too crude to dissect—I am afraid to pick you apart.

Henry.—I. Young and green? Oh, I don't know about that; I think you know a good deal. 2. Your writing shows a great deal of determination, some concentration, independent action, discretion, tenacity, very little tact or any of the finer touches that win and hold affection. The study shows considerable originality, love of comfort and equality for much affection. You need an easy corner, and love it.

Information.—Ease of expression and a rather even mind, prone to express your self at length and with considerable lucidity and force; honest and careful, fond of beauty and appreciative of art, sure to require harmonious surroundings for best development; considerable tact, and a generally amenable nature; will and purpose are light, and fancy inclined to be fickle; a gentle tenacity is noticeable, and considerable refinement.

Studio and Gallery

THE important event of the next few weeks will be the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which opens to the public on March 3. We believe the change of time from May to March will be an advantageous one to both artists and public. There are many things which militate against the interests of the exhibition. The need of an appropriate building has been always felt. The want, all the year round, of the proper stimulus for art growth and progress, coming from intelligent general appreciation of art, and a demand for it, especially in civic life, is also felt. Civic art gives life to the expression of art generally. The multiplicity of small functions in the way of displays by artists privately; and, above all, and worse than all, the importation of cargoes of canvas and paint, to be sold here under conditions that excite the cupid and niggardliness of purchasers, precludes the building up of a public taste in art. In the face of existing conditions there is an amazing and a most exacting expectancy on the part of a certain portion of the public whenever an art society gives an exhibition. Is it not just possible, considering the public attitude all the year towards art, that those exacting personages would find it rather difficult to definitely say what it is that makes a picture a work of real merit? In spite of, and not because of, any atmosphere the Society of Artists exists, and gives to the public this year an exhibition of merit. We make no apology for calling it the best yet held.

There are several causes why it should be the best. We think a general art feeling has been almost perceptible during the past year; several artists have spent months abroad, in serious study; the standard of requirement in the O. S. A. is every year becoming more elevated; attention to decorative work is becoming a feature of art life here, and has in it promise for the future—the hope itself is a stimulus. The fact that these paintings are required and eligible for the coming exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy at Montreal, to immediately follow this exhibition, has induced each artist to produce his best. The attention to figure work, which has been a feature of this year's study with many, indicates progression. The outdoor study has been faithfully persisted in. The special efforts which have been put forth to give a more fitting display to the paintings by the selection of a particularly suitable background of darkest red, and the other improvements in the surroundings, will render the exhibition much more effective. The hanging committee, acting under the instructions of the society, are selecting carefully, and will hang with discretion, and, of course, with traditional charity. There will be no wearisome repetition of any one artist, we are glad to say.

In addition to all this, Harris and Brymner, of Montreal, have been asked to contribute, and Brownell of Ottawa. Now, if these reasons are not convincing enough to satisfy any that this exhibition is much ahead of any yet undertaken by the O. S. A., why see the exhibition for yourself, and you will think of lots more reasons I have omitted.

The ramifications of the enterprise of the portrait exhibition are extending, and stretching deep and wide. Not being the plans of either "mice" or "men," they are not likely to "rang a-bell" in the careful counsels of the Woman's Art Association. We are not contemplating failure, but are rejoicing in anticipation of an acquaintance with our "forebears" and our contemporary friends and relatives, which will greatly enlarge the circle of our acquaintance. This will be a mutual benefit to us and to our ancestors.

A. Dickson Patterson entertained his friend, Homer Watson, this week, previous to Mr. Watson's departure for England, where an exhibition of his paintings will be given soon. We feel that he will receive there even a



Johnny (observing a group of ladies posing for a photograph)—Say, mamma, are those women waiting to be vaccinated?

greater measure of appreciation than has been given him here. We trust he may not find the art climate over the water so very congenial that his visit will be a permanent one. We need such artists to help to lay abiding foundations of art here in Canada. Though little present glory is attached to such labor the conviction that the future will honor the debt is often-times sufficient to great men.

We are growing ever increasingly literary and artistic, and we shall ere long have puzzling difficulty in selecting from the crowded menu that best suited to our individual constitutional requirements. The possibilities of last Saturday were many. Whether to contemplate Savonarola, with Prof. Clark in Rosedale school, and have the additional comfort of an approving conscience in giving our silver to further school art; or to sit enthralled under the sentiment and patois of Dr. Drummond, and have the advantage of a closer view of him, under the hospitable roof of St. Margaret's College; or to settle down to serious practical work with the W. A. A., in the studio of Miss M. Cary McConnell, was distracting to many.

Mrs. G. A. Reid, A. R. C. A., is acting as directress of art in St. Margaret's College during the somewhat protracted illness of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A.

The Marquise de Wentworth is the only woman who has ever painted the Pope, and we went yesterday to her studio to see the portrait she had just finished of Lee XIII., for which she gave her several sittings, writes the Paris correspondent of the Bazar.

He is painted standing, with two fingers raised in the act of giving benediction. He is very bent, very feeble, Madame de Wentworth says, but he did not wish to be painted so, and the picture is consequently of a man younger than he by some ten years.

It is not easy to obtain even an audience from the Holy Father in these days; but everything was arranged for Madame de Wentworth in advance by her friends, Cardinal Ferretti and Cardinal Rampolla. The former was at one time Papal Nuncio at Paris, and had the greatest admiration for Madame de Wentworth's talents, and her capacity for work and devotion to it. She always rises at six, and by eight has breakfasted, got her correspondence out of the way, and is at her easel. Her portrait of Cardinal Vaughan has just taken a gold medal at the exposition of Turin.

I find that I was misinformed as to the intention of the O.S.A. in regard to private view night. The proposal to make a charge for admission was not adopted, but rejected.

Hans Hirsch has for twenty-three years given himself to the discovering of a material, in which the plastic original might be reproduced, so that the cast would show all the fine details of the artist's work—a material which, while capable of being rendered soft enough to take the impress of these details, will harden again, and show in the finished subject a substantial and beautiful surface. This he professes to have done. If the result is as satisfactory as is claimed, we can have abundant sculpture.

Miss W. D. Hawley and Miss Muntz have opened a class in their studio on Tuesday and Thursday mornings in study from life. Saturday morning will be devoted to the nude.

The Ottawa Art Association, the announcement of whose funeral obsequies has been evidently expected, has sufficiently revived to convince us that whatever its condition, it is not yet "spacheless." Suspended animation would probably have been the correct verdict, not defunct. In these days of activity and enlightened medi-

cal practice, we all run the risk of being successfully buried for good, if we cease action to any perceptible extent. The Ottawa society seems to have had a narrow escape. However, it assures its friends in the Ottawa Art Journal that not only is it really alive, but that it intends to persist, vigorously, in living. Long life to it! If a society of art could die in Ottawa of malnutrition, what hope have Toronto societies?

In the Brochure Series for September, the readers of the magazine were invited to express by vote their opinions as to which were the "eight greatest facades in the world," and each voter was requested to submit a list of eight buildings. The conditions limiting this choice were purposely made as loose as possible; facade was defined as "the front of a building, especially the principal front, having some architectural pretensions"; and it was stipulated that "greatness" should be considered purely from an architectural standpoint, not from that of historical or any other interest. The following buildings received the greatest number of votes: 1, Notre Dame Cathedral; 2, the Parthenon; 3, the Opera House, Paris; 4, St. Mark's Library, Venice; 5, St. Peter's, Rome; 6, Amlens Cathedral; 7, Farnese Palace, Rome; and 8, the Ducal Palace, Venice.

The Soule photograph agent has added to his already full stock of reproductions some large bromide prints, ranging from 30x40 down. These are chiefly architectural subjects, intended for school or other public use. He has also some excellent heads in low relief of the material of which Hans Hirsch is the inventor.

JEAN GRANT.

A Family Picture.

MAES, a portrait painter of Amsterdam, once visited Jordans of Antwerp, an assistant of Rubens, and successful as a historical and allegorical painter. On Maes expressing his admiration of the Antwerp artist's paintings, Jordans asked: "What subjects do you paint?"

"I paint portraits," answered Maes. "I pity you most sincerely, brother artist," said Jordans, "for being a martyr to that branch of painting; where, let your merit be ever so great, you must suffer the whims, the folly and the ignorance of both men and women."

The Antwerp painter spoke from experience, for he occasionally painted portraits. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of British Painters," tells a story of Copley, the father of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, which reveals what a portrait painter endures from the vanity and eccentricity of his sitters.

A certain man had himself, his wife and seven children painted by Copley in a family piece.

"It wants but one thing," said the man, on seeing the finished picture, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—this one is my second."

"But," replied the artist, "she is dead: what can I do? She must come in as an angel."

"Oh, no—no angels for me; she must come in as a woman."

The portrait was added, but several months elapsed before the man again called at Copley's studio, and when he did, a strange lady held on to his arm.

"I must have another sketch from your hand, Copley," said he. "An accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third, and she has come to have her likeness included in the family picture."

The painter introduced the likeness of wife number three, and the man expressed himself satisfied with the portraits of his three spouses. But the lady remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of; out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out,

then the man disputed the price. Copley sued him, and his son, the future Lord Lyndhurst, signified his call to the bar by gaining his father's cause.

A Fisherman's Trials.

Exposure While at Sea Brought on an Attack of Sciatica which Caused the Most Excruciating Agony.

Mr. Geo. W. Shaw, of Sandford, N.S., follows the occupation of a fisherman, and like all who pursue this arduous calling is exposed frequently to inclement weather. Some years ago, as a result of exposure, Mr. Shaw was attacked by sciatica, and for months suffered intensely. He says the pain he endured was something agonizing, and he was not able to do any work for some months. His hip was drawn out of shape by the trouble, and the doctor who attended him said that it had also affected the spine. After being under the care of a doctor for several months without getting relief, Mr. Shaw discontinued medical treatment, and resorted to the use of plasters and liniments, but with no better results. He was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided to do so. After using them for a couple of weeks, he found a decided relief, and in about two months' time every trace of the trouble had disappeared, and he has not since been troubled with any illness. Mr. Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of pills to ward off any possible recurrence of the trouble.

Those attacked with sciatica, rheumatism, and kindred troubles, will avoid much suffering and save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset of the trouble. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Books and Shop Talk

In the latest issue of Book Notes appears a portrait of Mr. Arthur Stringer, together with an appreciative review of his literary work, especially that part of it which qualifies him to be included among "the younger Canadian poets."

Mr. W. A. Fraser, of Georgetown, has been in New York and Philadelphia for the past ten days paying his annual visit to the editors and publishers for whom he writes short stories. Mr. Fraser may be styled the leading short story writer of Canada, because his work is probably in greater demand in New York and London than that of any other of our writers. A volume of his stories will be issued in the autumn, we understand.

A sister to Evangeline is a new book issued this week by George Morang, and appealing in Charles G. D. Roberts' best style to the interest

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of lovers of Acadian romance. Yvonne, the heroine, is a much more stirring and enterprising type of Acadian maiden than the calm and pensive Evangeline. Her sentiments are somewhat entangled at first, but finally love triumphs and leads to the doing of a true and remarkably brave act. The phlegmatic Quaker-Englishman, Anderson, who is the hindrance to the denouement for some time, is an original character. Yvonne is a delight, and Paul Grande's way of telling their story and his own is very fascinating. The exile of the Acadians, with the conflagration of Grande Pre and the other settlements, the voyage on the exile ships and the reunion of Yvonne and Paul are beautifully and graphically told. It is a very good story.

Richard Hovey's new book of lyrics has just appeared in New York, and bears the title Along the Trail.

While in Chicago recently Mr. Hall Caine named for the first time the original of the character of John Storm in the Christian. He said: "John Storm had not one, but two prototypes in life. One I will call Father J., and the other is James Adderly, son of a peer. Jim Adderly was an Oxford man, and when he secured his degree he turned his back on the West End and went to live in the slums. He drifted towards monasticism. When I made his acquaintance he was wearing a robe of the Anglican monk, a cord about his waist three-knotted to show that he had taken the vows. He was the physical likeness of John Storm, and, like him, he left his class to serve an ascetic ideal."

A Strange Creature.

THE man with the sandy whiskers was evidently puzzled. From all appearances, it was his first visit to an art gallery. With an expression of deep perplexity, he stared for several minutes at the picture in front of him. "Strangest!" he was heard to mutter. "Very strange!" At last, after considerable hesitation, he went up to a gentleman who stood a few feet away:

"Excuse me for troubling you, sir," he began, "but there's something in that picture that I can't make out. I thought perhaps you might be kind enough to help me, seeing as you look like a connoisseur. I'd like very much to know what kind of a crittur that is standing there by that clump of trees with its feet in the water."

The gentleman stared at his interrogator in amazement. "Do you really mean to say," he demanded, "that you don't know what that is?"

"No, I'm blowed if I do," was the answer. "An' I knows something of nat'ral history. But I never saw the like of that before. What kind of a beast is the crittur, anyway?"

"A cow,"

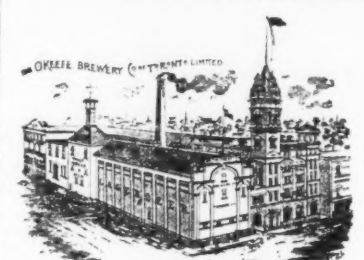
"A—c—d—w? You don't say so."

"But I do. And may I ask how it happens that you never saw a cow before?"

The man with the sandy whiskers smiled apologetically.

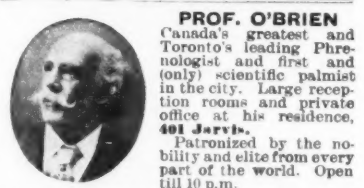
"The fact is," he said, "I'm a milkman!"

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"A pound of Salada, sir," she said. "Won't you take something else, my pretty maid?"

"Don't be insulting, sir," she said.

Do you suppose that I am such an imbecile as not to understand that your motives in trying to push off something else are increased profits on an inferior article? No, sir, don't try this on again. I am intelligent enough to know what I want, and what I also propose to get.

Bound to Win.

"Your Honor," said the Irish barrister, as he rose to plead his client's cause, "I shall first prove to the jury that my client did not commit the crime with which he stands charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he did it. If the jury be even then unconvinced, I shall prove an alibi."—Bazar.

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MUSIC

THOSE of my readers who take a pride in having a comprehensive collection of musical literature will be interested in hearing that the firm of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons of New York announce the publication during the year of a series to be called *The Music Lover's Library*. The first volume, it is expected, will be *The Orchestra and Orchestral Music* by William J. Henderson, critic of the *New York Times*. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel of the *Tribune* will contribute *The Pianoforte and Its Music*, while Henry T. Finck of the *Post* will devote his attention to *Songs and Song Writers*. William F. Apthorp promises a book on *The Opera, Past and Present*. He states that his investigations of early operatic history in the light of the recent scientific musical researches have gone to prove that a good many traditions must be sacrificed, and that not a few supposed facts have been proved fictions.

Two talented piano pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave last week a recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall which proved extremely interesting and attractive. They were Mrs. A. W. Chisholm and Miss N. McTaggart, and were received by a large and fashionable audience. The compositions selected were of a class that required in the rendering advanced technical and musical training. Miss McTaggart played, for instance, a sonata by Beethoven, the Bolero by Chopin, and En Route by Godard; while Mrs. Chisholm gave the Wagner-Liszt Spinnelien, two numbers by Jadasohn, and a group by Nevin. Both ladies showed a well cultivated style and exceptional executive ability. Miss Edythe Hill, a pupil of Mrs. Bradley, and Miss Alicia E. Hobson, a pupil of Mr. Tandy, were the singers who assisted, and delighted the audience with two songs admirably rendered. Master Fred Alderson, a pupil of Mrs. Adamson, showed promising talent in a violin solo, Bohm's Cavatina.

The Brantford Musical Society won much credit for its production of Spencer's opera, *Princess Bonnie*, at the Opera House of that town. The principal roles were assigned to Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Mae Smith, Miss Nolan, Messrs. Walter Hardwick, R. J. Smith, J. G. Liddell, J. A. Stewart, W. B. and J. A. Scace and Dr. E. Hart. The chorus was large and prettily costumed, and there was a compact little orchestra.

Mr. Plunket Greene, the descriptive singer, is to give a return concert in Association Hall on March 6. He will be assisted by Miss Beverley Robinson and Mr. Howard Pearce.

The attention of English musicians is being seriously directed to the degrading kind of songs served up to the working and lower classes of London. A letter to the *Times* gives a deplorable picture of the degradation of music at many places of amusement. In one music hall visited, the first singer having glorified idleness and worse, the second directed himself to the glorification of drink. His first began, "Last night I went out on the booze." The delectable chorus was as follows:

Seeing it out, seeing it out,
At every pub we stopped,
And whisky, brandy, gin and beer,
Everywhere we moped;
Cannon'd at the lamp posts,
Knocked against the wall,
Seeing it out, seeing it out,
Till we couldn't see at all.

But this is not the worst, as many of the songs offered at these music halls are often marked by indecent coarseness and ribaldry. The Incorporated Society of Musicians are taking the matter up, and are appealing to wealthy and benevolent persons to provide the funds necessary to sustain nightly concerts of good and elevating music in suitable buildings in different parts of the metropolis, at which the admission fees would be almost nominal. Mr. W. H. Cummings expresses the opinion that such a work systematically carried out in the large cities and towns would do more to elevate the nation than any of the excellent efforts yet made in that direction.

The world-renowned contralto, Mme. Albini, who was born in 1824, is living in quiet retirement in Paris. She is considered the most remarkable contralto of the nineteenth century. She made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in 1847, and she created such a furore that her manager spontaneously raised her salary from £300 to £2,000 for the season. She was a woman of imposing appearance even in those days, and her voice was a grand one. It was a pure, rich, deep contralto, with a range of two octaves from G to G. Her style was that of the old Italian school in its noblest days.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is, according to all accounts, the greatest contralto that has been heard in New York for many years. Mr. W. J. Henderson, the critic of the *Times* of that city, says: "In all passages which lie within the natural range of her voice—one as large as that of Albini's—her emission is smooth, sonorous, and productive of unfailing beauty of tone. Her phrasing is almost invariably the perfection of art, and her enunciation of the text shows a perfect command of vocalization. These features of her method enable her to sing such a thing as the brindisi with all the beauty of color ever imparted to it by an Italian singer, while

her keen intelligence, her glowing temperament, her subtle humor, and her winsome personality enable her to fill the hollow melody with a wealth of vitality which it has certainly not known since the prime of Albini." Mr. Henderson's statement as to Mme. Heink's voice being as large as that of Albini used to be, is, of course, guess work. He is far too young a man ever to have heard Albini in her best days. I remember hearing Albini sing once at the Julien concerts in London—in the sixties, I think—but she was then more than forty years of age.

A piano recital, being the second of a series by pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, was given at his residence on Saturday afternoon last, and proved a most enjoyable event, as well as of much musical interest in reference to the class of compositions rendered. The pupils all played from memory, and showed extensive executive powers as well as a musically and finished rendering. Those who contributed to the programme were: Misses Jessie Perry, Ida Kerr, Frances Macdonald, Mary Hagarty, Nellie Halliwell, and Messrs. Douglas H. Bertram and Leslie Hodgson. The feature of the recital was Saint-Saens's brilliant and difficult composition, variations on a theme of Beethoven, op. 35, for two pianos, and played by Miss Perry and Master Bertram.

The Bloor street Baptist church choir, under the direction of Mr. Fletcher, made a most favorable impression at the Y. M. C. A. conversation on the 10th inst. by their spirited singing of Scots Wha Hae and other numbers. The vocalists, solo, were Mr. Rechab Tandy, who was in splendid voice, Miss Marguerite Liddell, and Mr. W. Tow, who sang their numbers very agreeably. Miss Christie Jones played two cornet solos, and surprised the audience by her executive feats. Miss May Donaldson recited.

The talent of the Toronto Male Chorus Club alone is sufficient to ensure a most successful concert, but supplemented as it is to be next Thursday by the genius of Emil Sauer, the pianist, and Evan Williams, the New York tenor, Massey Hall will certainly have its capacity thoroughly tested by our many music loving people. Writing from New York to the *Globe* last week Kenyon West says of Sauer, "His technique is masterly, but somewhat wayward in his power of expression. He has the power to produce lovely tones and exquisite shadings beyond words to describe and which can be realized only by hearing him play." Evan Williams, with his wonderfully clear and powerful voice, is already a favorite here, and the announcement of his appearance has avoided any possible disappointment because of Davies' inability to keep his engagement. The plan is open to subscribers only on February 24 and 25, and the public on Monday, February 27. The Club is reported in excellent form, and the event under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Minto will be a most brilliant attraction.

London *Truth*, February 2 contains the following: "The Prince of Wales, who has been appealed to by the musicians of Canada against the preposterous pretensions of the Associated Board in trying to force their diplomas upon the Dominion, will perhaps be interested to hear that under his august name as 'President,' the Board are seeking to establish a neat little music 'corner' in Canada. The following, according to a leading paper of Toronto, is a portion of a letter sent by the 'chief clerk and organizer' of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music to a music-seller in Toronto. It is quoted from the *Musical Herald*, and if it be authentic, I think the officials of the Associated Board have reason to be heartily ashamed of it:

"DEAR SIRS,—The Associated Board intend controlling in Canada the sale of the piano music for its examinations next year, and no piano music will be obtainable except through the Board. Each list of music in the syllabus A and B will be bound in a separate book, and will be sold by the Board to music-sellers for thirty cents per copy. I shall be glad to know if you are inclined to give an order for this music, and how many copies.

Candidates for the Board's examinations and dealers will have to buy the Board's examination piano music through the Board.

Small wonder that the Canadians refuse to believe the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music to be actuated by 'art' motives, or by any other motives than those of the huckster. I wonder, by the way, what Sir Arthur Sullivan, who is a member of the Board, thinks of the recent exposure."

The choir of West Presbyterian church, conducted by Mr. W. J. McNally, gave a very successful service of praise on Thursday evening of last week. The first part of the programme, which was of a miscellaneous character, was taken part in by Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy, Mrs. A. M. Dow, Mr. Bruce Bradley and Mr. Oscar Wenbourne, while the second was devoted to Maunders' sacred cantata, *Penitence, Pardon and Peace*, in which the solo parts were sung by Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Wenbourne.

A notable concert and society function was given on Wednesday evening, February 15, at the Grand Opera House, Hamilton, in aid of the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum. The theater was crowded to the

doors. The programme was provided by the following artists: Mrs. G. de M. Harvey, mezzo-soprano, of New York; Mrs. Martin Murphy, soprano; Miss Ruby Shea, contralto; Mr. W. W. Firth of Toronto, baritone; Mr. D. Anderson and Mr. J. K. McMaster, flutists; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cleworth, elocutionists. The band of the 13th Battalion opened the concert with a popular number. All the local critics eulogize the artistic finish of Mrs. Harvey's singing, the beautiful quality of Miss Shea's voice, and the brilliant vocalization of Mrs. Murphy. Encores were generously distributed.

Richard Wagner is said to have been affected in a superstitious way by the figure 13 (note the 13 letters in his name). He was born in 1813 (1 + 8 + 1 + 3 = 13), and at the age of 13 the bent of his taste and diligence was displayed by his translation of the first twelve books of the *Odyssey*. Of his 13 chief works, *Tannhauser* was completed on April 13, 1845, and was performed on March 13, 1861. He left Bayreuth on September 13, 1881, and died at Venice on February 13, 1883.

Invitations are out for a vocal recital by pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds next Tuesday evening in the hall of the Conservatory of Music.

In answer to a correspondent, I cannot undertake to give either privately or in this column opinions as to the merits of the teaching of professional musicians. To do so would be considered a grave breach of journalistic etiquette either in this country or in Great Britain. Many of the English musical journals publish a notice with each issue stating that in any case they refuse to pass such opinions. My correspondent will see on reflection that the establishment of such a practice would lead to the gravest abuses.

The piano pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman, our talented young Canadian musician, gave a most creditable recital on the evening of February 16 in the hall of the Conservatory of Music. An exacting and mostly classical programme was carried out in a manner that not only testified to the ability of the pupils, but also to the effective and painstaking methods of their instructor. Those who appeared were: Miss Ethel Millicamp, who played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C minor; Miss Alice Welsman, who gave two Chopin preludes in G minor and F, and the waltz, op. 70, No. 1; Miss Frances Bower, who contributed Schubert's Impromptu in A flat and the Chopin Polonaise in C sharp minor; Miss Daisy Deyell, who rendered Field's nocturne in A and Grieg's *An der Frueling*, and the Misses Helena Sligh, Maude Millman, Maxwell and Sutherland. As Miss Deyell is about to leave for Port Hope, where she will engage in the teaching profession, it may be mentioned that she is one of Mr. Welsman's most promising pupils, and that her two numbers were played in a specially clear and musical style.

Dr. E. J. Hopkins relates the following story of an English Mus. B., of whose organ-playing he was not very favorably impressed. Being anxious to know the opinions of others on the point, he asked Mr. Robson, the London organ-builder, what he thought. "Sir," said the builder, putting on a solemn tone of voice, "Mr. — is a most respectable man." "Yes," replied Dr. Hopkins, "I have no doubt about that, but how does he rank as an organist?" "Sir," resumed Mr. Robson, "Mr. — is a most exemplary man, and he plays as though he were also a very charitable man." "But pray, Mr. Robson," continued his questioner, "what do you mean by saying that he performs like a charitable man?" "Well, if I must be explicit, Mr. — plays on the organ as though he 'lettreth not his left hand know what his right hand doeth.'"

Mme. Marchesi honestly believes that the singing of Wagner's music injures the voice. When she was residing at Vienna Wagner used to visit her frequently, and in the course of these visits the pair had long discussions on matters relating to singing. There was one point upon which they could not agree. Wagner's opinion was that "every voice should be at the command of the composer." The lady held, on the contrary, that the composer must take into consideration the compass of the different voices, by which interpretation, pronunciation and declamation must naturally benefit. Wagner never yielded. He remained true to his principles to the end, and so, says Mme. Marchesi, many voices have been ruined. She holds, in short, that Wagner, in trying to blend the three essential elements of melodrama—music, words and action—has ended by giving prominence to the orchestra and treating the voice merely as an additional wind instrument.

A facetious English journalist says: "The title of Conan Doyle's latest novel, *A Duet With an Occasional Chorus*, will appeal forcibly to music-lovers in the married state, and particularly to those who happen to be the fathers of twins!"

CHERUBINO.
Soothing Savage Breasts.

ONE day, after our experiments had taught us much about the kind of music likely to be most appreciated in the Zoo, we played to the eagles. The great birds proved willing listeners, and although they showed no excitement, and seemed to grow only more serious and sedate as the music progressed, it was very evident that they were none the less delighted. The carnicaria, in their large outside inclosures, received us in different ways. The big lioness was lying at full length, in deep slumber, with her back turned towards us, but at the moment the musician began to play she aroused herself suddenly in evident excitement. The hippies, of all the instruments the musician attempted, seemed to affect her most. At the first sound of the weird music she came close up to the bars, in a half-crouching, half-frightened position, finally making a wild

gallop round the inclosure as the music became wilder and shriller. The effect on the coyotes, at the sound of music, was marked and interesting. They ranged themselves in a semi-circle, and, sitting upon their haunches, listened with the greatest attention. They kept perfectly still as long as the music lasted, and when it came to an end they were evidently disappointed. One little coyote ran towards the musician, and pawed at him through the bars as if imploring him to continue. The snakes showed a distinct preference for the bagpipes, played softly, as in some way approaching the airs of the native Hindoo. One of the cobras had evidently been through the performance in India, for he quickly unciled himself at the sound of the music, and, raising his head, spread out his "hood" in quite the orthodox fashion, swaying slightly from side to side as the music rose and fell.—*Pearson's*.

Opera Suppers.

EATING at the opera is the latest innovation in New York ways. Excuse is to be found for those who thus indulge themselves in the length of the performance, which began at six-forty-five in order to conclude at midnight. At six-forty-five New York's society leaders are just beginning to peek up, as to their appetites, after the Martini cocktail or the five-o'clock tea which has stayed their respective stomachs, according to their several sexes. At Bayreuth they allow sufficient intervals for the sustenance of the inner German. But, with the brief *entr'actes* of New York, in a performance which has begun before dinner-time, there is abundant excuse for a substantial lunch. Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting made ready to meet the emergency. Mr. Cutting, her husband, is one of the directors, and so Mrs. Cutting sent a hamper, packed with a substantial supper, to the directors' room, where, during one of the intermissions, she entertained her own and a couple of other box parties. Box parties are not, however, the only people who have appreciated their appetites at the opera-house during the Ring of the Nibelung. With some it meant supper right in the box, or without, in the lobby—it depended upon how hungry they might be—and it did not seem to matter whether or no the meal interrupted the performance which the partakers had ostentatiously come to see. Upon the men boxites the sweetness long drawn out of the ring performances had an even more curious effect. Between the acts they stayed in the boxes, as of old, but while the music drama was "at it" they took to the lobbies and remained there until the curtain fell and gave signal for the next respite.

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me of a greater power than a king?" "Yes, ma'am," cried a little boy, eagerly. "What, Willie?" asked the teacher, benignly. "An ace, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.—*Tit-Bits*.

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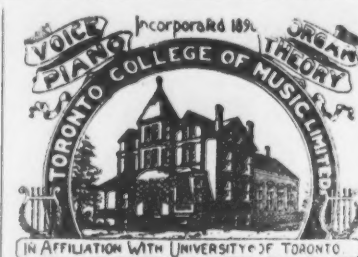
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NOTICE

A General Meeting of the Stockholders of
The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited,
will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednes-
day, March 15 next, at the offices of the Com-
pany, 25-27 Adelaide Street, West, when a state-
ment of the affairs of the Company will be pre-
sented and officers elected for the ensuing
year. By order,
R. BUTCHART,
Toronto, Feb. 25, 1899. Sec.-Treas.

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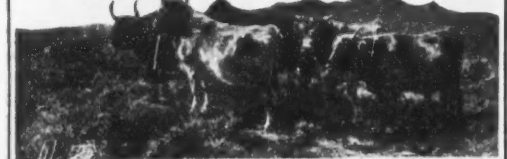
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orchestra seats and a carriage, or a box and
a cable-car? She—If it's all the same to
you, darling, I'll take gallery seats, a bird
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tense excitement; when all
that is deplorable and vicious
in them is thoroughly
aroused. Scientists tell us
that the flesh of the animal partakes of this vicious excitement in varying degrees. If
this is so may it not be that many a vicious human character is traceable to this cause?

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and they supply in the proper proportions nourishment for every part of the human
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Social and Personal.

The Canadian Commissioners have re-
turned from Washington and the opening
of Parliament at the Capital is the next
thing on the programme. So far the
Minto regime has been uneventful, and
the tide of popularity of the new vice-
royalties has had no marked flip either
towards ebb or flow. The first opening is,
however, looked forward to with interest,
and the date is being enquired for and
will possibly be announced before this
paragraph goes to press. Shall it be
plumes and bells, or shall we go in our
puffs and bangs and aigrettes? By the
way, the prompt letter from Aide de
Camp Drummond soon put a stop to the
fault-finding about Lady Minto's alleged
interference in the case of the Vian mur-
deress. It appears the wife of the Gov-
ernor-General has not any ambition to run
the laws and the penalties of the judicial
community. Like a little lady, as she is,
Countess Mary simply expressed sym-
pathy with a human creature in *extremis*
and sent the appeal to the proper official
to deal with.It is amazing how fashionable the break-
down has become. Not the darkey dance,
if you please, but the feminine collapse,
which whisks away the person achieving
it to some health resort or private hospi-
tal. One wonders whether, if there
were no refuge for the broken butterfly, if
she would break so frequently and so com-
pletely. The good old fashion of living
intelligently seems to have given place in
certain grades, to the whirl and the break-
down. The irrational being who lives on
excitement has the propensity to thank
heaven for the arrival of the Lenten sea-
son. She goes to church regularly, reads
a good deal, eats enormous amounts of
candy and thinks of the dark side of life.
The worst-tempered time in the year is
Lenten tide; more scandal is concocted
and the unvarnished votary of pleasure is
always out of sorts. If it promises an
early spring she has at all events the sav-
ing employment of getting her spring and
summer knockabout frocks ready, and she
can dream of that inspiring article, the
Easter bonnet.Captain James P. Beatty, for a number
of years a popular officer of the Toronto
Field Battery, has returned from New
York, where, for the last two years, he
has been engaged in business. For the
present Captain Beatty is stopping with
his sister, Mrs. George B. Brown of Park-
dale.Mrs. James T. Madden has left Berwick
Hall and rented a furnished house, 562
Sherbourne street, for the balance of
the winter months, where she will be at
Home second and fourth Mondays.Mrs. William Britton has sent out cards
for a tea on next Thursday afternoon at
her residence, 17 Isabella street.Miss Kinnear, daughter of the late
Stanley Kinnear of Halifax, N.S., has
arrived in Toronto and will reside with
her mother at 125 Bathurst street.The Woman's Residence Association of
University College have sent out cards for
an afternoon tea this afternoon from half-
past four to six o'clock at University
College.Mr. Cringan lectures at Trinity this
afternoon, and after the lecture Mrs.
Rigby and the St. Hilda young ladies will
entertain at tea in the library.Mr. White Fraser has received a Govern-
ment appointment as surveyor of the
boundary between British Columbia and
the Yukon, and will leave immediately for
the West.Captain and Mrs. Harrison and Captain
and Mrs. Forester were the guests of Mr.
C. E. Macpherson on a trip to the Falls

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LAUNDRY SOAP.
JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
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THEY COST LEAST FOR REPAIRS.last week to see the ice bridge. The vice-
regal party from Ottawa had a very jolly
visit to Niagara this week, and returned
home on Tuesday evening.Mr. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown was in
town this week, on the way home from a
visit in New York, where he was the
guest of Mr. Doubleday.Mrs. Wallbridge, who recently removed
to 20 Madison avenue, the house formerly
occupied by Mrs. Coldham, will receive on
Fridays, holding her first reception this
week. Mrs. and Miss Jeanie Wallbridge
have many friends, and the West side has
gained a very successful hostess, who,
with her charming daughter, has been
abroad for several years.The Lenten daily services at St. James'
are of considerable interest. Professor
Clark and Rev. Dyson Hague have given
some very fine addresses since the non-
te service began on Ash Wednesday.
The Provost of Trinity is preaching an
evening series on Sundays at St. Alban's,
which, I am told, began most auspiciously
last Sunday.The serious illness of Mr. Douglass of
Walmer road has been a great anxiety to
his charming young wife and the num-
erous friends of the recently wedded pair.
He is happily better.Mrs. J. W. Daniel of Brunswick avenue
was at Home to a host of her friends last
Saturday afternoon. The hostess received
in a frock of gray cashmere with whiteyoke trimmed with silver braid, and was
assisted in the tea-room by Mrs. R. J.
Reddie, Miss Minnie Reddie, Miss Ger-
trude Gibson and Miss Flossie Toms. The
drawing and tea-rooms were charmingly
decorated with fresh spring flowers and
ferns. The adored wife of the house
was very much in evidence, and proved
an unfailing source of interest to the
ladies present.Mrs. O'Donovan of St. Vincent street
left last week for New York, where she
intends taking a post-graduate course at
one of the large hospitals there. She will
be very much missed by her many friends
and also by her church, where she was an
active worker.A pretty wedding was celebrated on
Wednesday afternoon at the residence of
Mr. C. H. C. Wright, 524 Bathurst street,
when Miss Lillian Turnbull was married to
Mr. Alexander Gordon of Pickering.
Rev. Alexander Gilray performed the
ceremony. The bride was given away by
her uncle, Mr. James Turnbull, her brides-
maid was Miss Braydon of Guelph and the
groomsman was Mr. J. F. Turnbull.Mr. Plunket Greene is to be the guest of
the Governor-General at Rideau Hall dur-
ing his stay in Ottawa. He will revisit
Toronto for a concert very shortly.Several very pretty small luncheons
have gathered jolly little parties of
women together this week. The story
of the week is one of Lenten discipline,which seems to tickle the matrons to the
point of hysterics. 'Tis truly marvelous
where the stories come from which are
aired at the matrons' luncheons. They
are always racy, you may be sure!The Wednesday Club had a most inter-
esting meeting at Mrs. Price-Brown's
handsome residence in Carlton street this
week. Mrs. Alton Garrett sang most
successfully.Last Saturday evening Mr. Jack Creel-
man had a "not out" party at Parklands,
of which the boys and girls are telling me
the most lovely things.I hear Mr. and Mrs. Mullens leave
Toronto for New York in the near future.Fashionable theater-goers are having
treats in unusual places these days. Last
week society went to the Toronto Opera
House to see Tess, and this week Cyrano
is drawing them to the Princess. Crowded
houses were for each performance, and
the conservative Grand is not having it all
its own way.I hear there are prospects of the Toronto
Athletic Club being opened again soon.
About one thousand names are subscribed
already to the new arrangement.A well known Toronto lady is blossom-
ing out as an authoress under a piquant
nom de plume, whose friends will be
much surprised when they discover her
identity. In the meantime she is enjoying
the success and raking in the shekels
which have rewarded her brilliant efforts.Friendship
Hearts....in Sterling Silver, plain
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British America Assurance Company

ANNUAL MEETING

The Sixty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company was held at its offices, in this city, at noon yesterday.

The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair; and Mr. P. H. Sims, who was appointed to act as Secretary, read the following:

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit the Sixty-fifth Annual Report of the Company, embracing the transactions for the year ending thirty-first December last, and a statement of Assets and Liabilities at the close of the year.

In the Fire Branch, while there has been a slight reduction in the premium income, the results as a whole have been fairly satisfactory, showing a moderate margin of profit, notwithstanding the fact that there were some serious conflagrations during the year in which the Company was involved for considerable amounts—notably the almost total destruction of the City of New Westminster in September last.

The closing months of the year were marked by a succession of exceptionally disastrous storms, both on the ocean and on the great lakes, which resulted in an unprecedented loss of life and property. As a consequence all companies engaged in the business of Marine Insurance show a heavy loss on the transactions of the year, and in its comparatively limited operations in this Branch this Company has shared in the generally unfavorable experience. It is encouraging, however, in considering the future prospects of this business, to observe that the heavy losses incurred during the past year, coupled with the unprofitable results of some preceding years, have led to a general movement among Marine underwriters for materially advancing rates and bringing about other reforms which the Directors feel assured will place the business on a much more satisfactory footing than for several years past.

The Directors feel that there is cause for congratulation in the fact that the company has passed through a year which, in many respects, has been a trying one to those engaged in Fire and Marine Insurance business, and paid its usual dividend to shareholders without making any material reduction in its Reserve Fund.

Summary of financial statement:
Total cash income, \$1,472,397.36
Total expenditure, including adjustment, \$1,412,412.84
Balance, \$60,000.00
Dividends declared, \$2,500.00
Total assets, \$1,519,161.18
Total liabilities, \$198,132.30
Surplus to policyholders, \$1,321,028.88

The following gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year: Hon. George A. Cox, J. J. Kenny, Hon. S. C. Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thos. Long, John Hoskin, Q. C., L. L. D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, F. A. Myers.

At a meeting of the Board held subsequently, Hon. George A. Cox was elected President, and Mr. J. J. Kenny, Vice-President.

Western Canada Loan and Savings Company

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Annual General Meeting of this Company was held at its offices, No. 76 Church street, Toronto on Monday, Feb. 20, 1899, at 11 o'clock a.m. A number of shareholders were present. The Hon. G. W. Allan occupied the chair, and the Managing Director, Mr. Walter S. Lee, acted as secretary to the meeting. The following financial statements were read, and, with the Directors' Report, were unanimously adopted:

The Directors have pleasure in laying before the shareholders their Thirty-sixth Annual Report, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1898.

After deducting cost of management, interest on debentures and deposits, and all other charges, there remains a net profit of \$97,994.71, out of which sum two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the taxes thereon, have been paid, and the balance, \$6,464.71, has been carried to the Contingent Fund.

The interest falling due on mortgage loans has been most satisfactorily met, and the actual interest received during the past year amounts altogether to the large sum of \$378,933.

The total amount of money placed with

the Company for investment amounts to \$4,438,112, as against \$4,433,928 last year.

While the Sterling Debentures have been decreased by \$184,245, the Canadian Debentures have been increased by \$177,118, and the Deposits show an increase over last year of \$11,311.

In accordance with the arrangement reported by the Directors, and approved by the shareholders at the last annual meeting, a representative of the firm of Messrs. Lindsay, Jamieson & Haldane, Chartered Accountants, of Edinburgh, visited Toronto and Winnipeg, and made an examination of the Company's affairs, mainly with the view of reporting as to the sufficiency of the security afforded by the Company to the Debenture Holders and Depositors.

A copy of their report—in every way a most satisfactory one, and which states, that, in their opinion, "The assets afford good and sufficient security to the Debenture Holders and Depositors for the amount of their advances, without taking into account the uncalculated Capital" was sent to each of the Shareholders immediately after the Annual Meeting.

The Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN,
President.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1898.

LIABILITIES.	
To Shareholders:	
Capital Stock	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund	770,000 00
Contingent account to Dec. 31, 97	\$17,625 10
Contingent account added 1898	6,464 71
	\$24,089 81
Contingent account written off '98	17,500 00
Contingent account, balance Dec. 31, 1898	6,589 81
Dividend payable 3rd Jan., 1899	45,000 00
	2,321,689 51

ASSETS.	
Mortgage Loans	\$6,179,323 12
Office Premises and Furniture, Toronto and Winnipeg	129,897 33
Municipal Debentures, City of Toronto	\$24,011 16
Municipal Debentures, City of Ottawa	32,876 59
Cash in banks	2,837 94
Cash on hand	931 23
	451,196 91
	\$6,700,417 57

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Cost of Management, viz:	
Salaries, Rent, Inspection and Valuation, Office expenses, Branch Office, Agents' Commissions, Auditors' Fees, including Special Audit, Legislation, etc.	\$49,188 22
Directors' Compensation	3,800 00
Interest on Deposits	24,970 19
Interest on Debentures	12,370 32
	216,948 73

Net profit for Year, applied as follows:	
Dividends and Tax thereon	\$9,329 99
Carried to Contingent Account	6,464 71
	97,994 71
Interest on Mortgages and Debentures, Rents, etc.	\$314,943 44
	\$314,943 44

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.
TORONTO, 9th February, 1899.

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the Books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company, and a detailed inspection of the securities (with the exception of the business of the Manitoba Branch, which has been audited and inspected by the local auditors), and certify that the above Statement of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss are correct, and show the true position of the Company's affairs. The bank balances and cash are certified correct.

A. E. OSLER,
Auditors.

Scrutineers having been appointed, a ballot was taken, and the retiring Directors, George Gooderham, Esq., Alfred Gooderham, Esq., George W. Lewis, Esq., and Walter S. Lee, Esq., were re-elected. These gentlemen, with George F. Galt, Esq., Thomas H. Lee, Esq., and the Hon. G. W. Allan, form the Board.

At a subsequent meeting held by the Directors, the Hon. George W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President respectively.

This year the Toronto branch of the Welland Vale Manufacturing Co. of St. Catharines, 149 Yonge street, is under the management of Mr. J. R. Hunter, the well known bicycle expert. They are pushing the sale of the following well known and popular wheels: Chainless, Perfect, Garden City and Dominion. Anyone contemplating the purchase of a wheel will be able to do so more intelligently after an interview with Mr. Hunter.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Henri Suydam and her sister, Mrs. Barnard, are spending some time in Toledo with their mother, Mrs. Coldham, and will be absent for a week or so longer. Mr. Suydam is at the Rossin during their absence.

Miss Cattanach, who has had a serious attack of grippe, is now quite recovered, and has enjoyed a week's visit with Mrs. Mackenzie at Benvenuto recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Monteith Muir have gone to reside at North Bay, where Mr. Muir has been appointed manager of the Traders' Bank.

"Will you see Way Down East with me?" said a society man to a pretty girl yesterday. "How far! Montreal or Quebec?" said the mischievous miss, and the man was quite shocked. Way Down East as put on at the Grand this week is a play well worth seeing at all events.

Many old friends found their way to Pembroke street on Monday to enjoy a moment with Mrs. Oliver, who is always so warmly welcomed to Toronto. The portraits of her exceedingly beautiful and graceful daughter in her wedding-robe, and her soldier-husband in regimentals, were much admired by interested friends.

On Washington's birthday, fifty years ago, Mr. John Harcourt and Miss Margaret McConkey were wedded at St. John's Rectory, Port Hope. On Wednesday they

celebrated their golden anniversary in that town with their nine sons and daughters, and were presented by their children with a purse filled with gold. A pleased guest at this happy celebration was Mr. Charles Gilchrist, a violinist who had played at the wedding half a century before, and all day letters, telegrams and gifts were received by the worthy couple from all parts of the Dominion and also from the neighboring republic.

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized at Oakville on Wednesday, the contracting parties being Miss Sara Fairfield, one of Oakville's prettiest and most charming young ladies, and Mr. W. J. Griffin of Winnipeg. The bridesmaid was Miss Margaret Fairfield, sister of the bride, and Mr. G. L. Jennings of Seaford was groomsmen. After the breakfast, followed by toasts to the bride and bridesmaid, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin left for Toronto and other cities previous to their leaving for their home in the West. A large crowd of friends gathered at the station to bid them farewell and a safe and happy journey.

The Horse Show is to be, and to open on April 13, spite of supposition and the fatal number. There will not be a competition among the artists for a poster; but why should not some of the posters already made be utilized? The Horse Show poster exhibit was an excellent advertising scheme for the show. Carnochan's splendid study of the huntsman in pink with his whip, would come in well this time, and has, besides, a suggestive resemblance to one of our handsome new-fledged members. The Horse Show directorate includes Mr. G. W. Beardmore, Dr. Andrew Smith, as chairman and vice, and Lord Minto is to be asked to open the show.

Dr. Grahame of Bloor street, on account of ill health, is at present in Florida.

GRAND'S HORSE & CARRIAGE REPOSITORY 53 to 59 Adelaide St. West Toronto, Can.

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN PRICES TO REDUCE STOCK OF

New Carriages and Buggies

Finding that we cannot accommodate the large attendance and specially large consignments at the regular Tuesday and Friday Auction Sales without making more room, we have arranged with the manufacturers to allow us to dispose of about 100 new Carriages and Buggies, at prices that will make them go at a light. These goods are all standard "A" grade and are sold with the usual manufacturers' guarantee as to material and workmanship. For private sale only. Orders by mail or wire will receive prompt attention. As soon as the number advertised are sold regular prices will be charged.



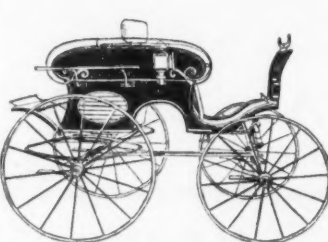
Square Box Top Buggy.
This is our staple \$50 Buggy, leather cushions, spring back, and strong double bench, rubber apron hood and box, carpet, etc., a first-class. Reduced Price.....\$67.50



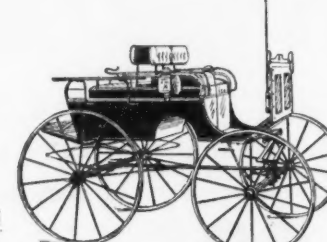
Spring Top Buggy.
Same quality and finish as Square Box, three-seater Coach, all the best riding and most serviceable buggy in the market. Reduced Price.....\$67.50



Top Phaeton.
This well-built, light-running Ladies' Phaeton has been sold regularly at \$130, is made with the celebrated Warner wheel, and is suitable for small horses from 14 to 15 hands. Reduced Price.....\$87.50



"Salisbury."
The "Salisbury" is one of the most stylish four passenger traps ever designed—handsome and substantial, leather trimmings, Warner wheels. Regular Price.....\$150.00 Reduced Price.....95.00



"Kensington."
"Kensington," suitable for horses 15 to 16 hands, a good round family trap, cloth or leather trimming. Regular Price.....\$150.00 Reduced Price.....95.00



"Cambridge."
Handsome Ladies' Carriage, movable seats, much lighter and better looking than our present, suitable for horses 14 to 15 hands. Regular Price.....\$115.00 Reduced Price.....85.00

DO NOT WAIT, BUY NOW AND SAVE MONEY. Write for further particulars if you wish. A large number of other designs are also offered at equally low prices. Cuts of these will be forwarded by mail if desired. Send for a set of our "1899" Special Driving Harness, leather jockey, hand rubber or nickel mountings, wide shaped and felt lined breast collar, 11 inch single or double traces, Best of material. Special price \$9.50. Best value in Canada. Immense stock of Import and Export English Single and Double Brass and Silver Mounted Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Holly Whips, Blankets, Rosettes, etc., always on hand for private sale.

AUCTION SALES of Horses, Carriages, etc., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 11 o'clock. Private sales every day.

WALTER HARLAND SMITH, Proprietor

THE

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GENDRON

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the front wheel to be taken out without spreading the front forks.

The rear wheel in a ladies' model can be taken out without even removing chain from front sprocket.

Our new Catalogue tells all about it.

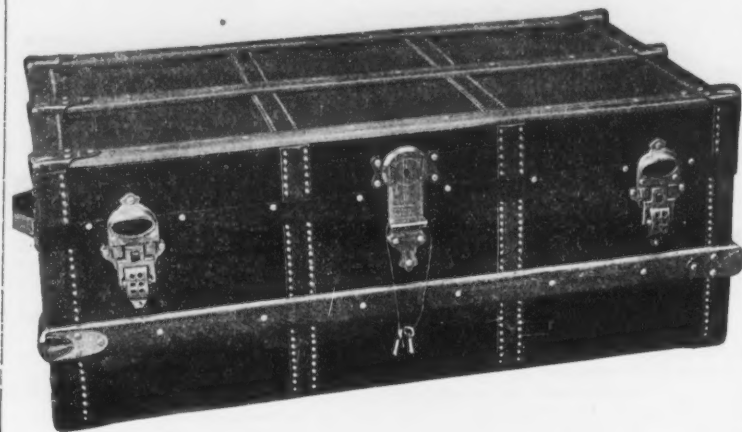
Th GENDRON MFG. CO., Limited

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Makers of... FINE TRAVELING AND LEATHER GOODS

Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, has pleasure in announcing the arrival of many of his fine new and exclusive importations in woollens for the coming season's trade. In a few days the stock will be completed and he will announce a formal opening to the gentlemen of Toronto who really appreciate the highest grade in high class to-order clothing.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Settlers' One-Way Excursions

To Manitoba and Canadian North-West will leave Toronto every TUESDAY during March and April. Passengers traveling WITHOUT LIVE STOCK should take train leaving Toronto at 3:15 p.m. Passengers traveling WITH LIVE STOCK should take train leaving Toronto at 9 p.m. Colonist Sleepers will be attached to each train. For full particulars and copy of 'Settlers' Guide' apply to any Can. Pac. agent, or to

C. E. McPHERSON
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
1 King St. East, Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Special Notice

The Toronto City Passenger and Ticket Office of this Company will be removed from its present location—on March 1st—to the premises now occupied by Mr. J. M. Treble on the north-west corner of KING and YONGE STREETS.

J. W. RYDER, C. P. & T. A., Toronto
M. C. DICKSON, Dist. Pass. Agent

J. YOUNG (ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. Telephone 679

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
JONES—Feb. 22, Mrs. James Edmund Jones—a daughter.
HAMILTON—Feb. 20, Mrs. W. A. Hamilton—a son.
KLOTZ—Feb. 20, Mrs. E. W. Klotz—a daughter.
WILSON—Feb. 14, Mrs. John A. Wilson—a daughter.
JONES—Feb. 13, Mrs. J. T. Jones—a son.
COOCH—Feb. 15, Mrs. Herbert C. Cooch—a daughter.
GILPIN-BROWN—Feb. 18, Mrs. (Captain) Gilpin-Brown—a son.

Marriages.
BROWNIDGE—GRAYDON—At Streetsville, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 14, 1899, at the residence of Mr. T. H. Goodison, Gertrude M. Brownidge to Garret L. Graydon, both of Streetsville, Rev. J. Hughes Jones officiating clergyman.
PATTERSON—LODGE—Feb. 16, George E. Patterson to Jessie Lodge.
WILLIAMS—HENDERSON—Feb. 15, Thomas Williams to Bertha Henderson.
FRASER—CAMPELL—Feb. 18, Henry Fraser of New York to Emily Ross Campbell of Toronto.

Deaths.
JEFFERYS—At Woodside, N. J., on Friday, Feb. 10, Charles Robert, son of Charles W. and Jean Adams Jefferys, aged 1 year and 7 months.
CUNNINGHAM—Feb. 22, James Cunningham, aged 67.
KISSOCK—Feb. 22, Elizabeth McTaggart Kissock, aged 31.
ORTH—Kimbark, Feb. 21, Abraham Orth, aged 91.
ASHDOWN—Feb. 21, William Chancellor Ashdown, aged 78.
BENNER—Feb. 18, William Benner, aged 68.
KINNEAR—Feb. 21, Patrick Kinnear.
MULLIN—Feb. 21, John Alexander Mullin, M.D., aged 64.
MCGUIRE—Feb. 21, Francis McGuire, aged 62.
HARVEY—Feb. 18, William Harvey, aged 63.
QUIGLEY—Feb. 19, Annie J. Quigley, aged 43.
KIELY—Feb. 15, George A. Kiely, aged 29.
MOORE—Feb. 18, Mr. Louisa Moore, aged 63.

THE PROVINCIAL TRUST COMPANY

OF ONTARIO LIMITED

The Company is authorized to act as Administrator, Executor, Guardian, Assignee and Receiver; as Fiscal Agent for the payment of Debentures, Bonds, Coupons, Dividends, etc., of Municipal, Railroad and Industrial Corporations; as Trustee under Mortgages or Deeds of Trust securing Issues of Bonds, and as Registrar and Transfer Agent of the Stocks and Bonds of Incorporated Companies; as Trustee of Estates and Individuals, for the transaction of whose business exceptional facilities are offered.

The Company's extensive Safety Vault affords unsurpassed accommodation for the storage of valuable every description. In addition there are individual safes in all sizes at from \$2 to \$30 per annum. Absolute privacy and safety guaranteed.

A. W. McDOUGALL
Manager